

Florentin SMARANDACHE

OUTER - ART

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Editura CONPHYS
Râmnicu Vâlcea - 2002

Florentin SMARANDACHE

oUTER-aRT, the Worst Possible Art in the World
(printing, drawings, collages, photos)

vol. II

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“OUTER-ART” is a movement set up by Florentin Smarandache in 1990’s (as a protest against random modern art, where anything could mean . . . art!) and consists in making art as ugly as possible, as wrong as possible, or as silly as possible, and generally as impossible as possible!

It is an upside-down art! . . . to do art in the way it is not supposed to be done...

Manifestos and anti-manifestos, essays, interviews, together with small virtual Outer-Art Gallery are to be found at:

www.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/outer-art.htm

E-books of criticism, essays, poetry, dramas, translations in many languages can be downloaded, printed, read for free at: <http://www.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/eBooksLiterature.htm>

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A Manifesto and Anti-Manifesto for OUTER-ART

The Outer-Art movement means to make art as ugly as possible, as wrong as possible, or as bad as possible ... and, generally speaking, as impossible as possible!

These are the (outer-)limits of all artistic schools and styles!

Of course it is easy to create bad art, everybody can. But to create *the worst possible art* is paradoxically very difficult ... Because you may want to consider a work as 'wrong art', while the modern art experts would interpret it as ... extraordinary (!) Therefore "outer-art" is the result of a non-artistic intention. Hence, we paint (even) when we don't paint, we sculpture (even) when we don't sculpture.

I classify as "art" something which is *behind art*, due to the fact that what today is not considered art tomorrow – as the art history tells us. And today's art might be rejected by tomorrow's fashion.

Also, what's bad for you, may be good for me, and reciprocally. This reflects the subjectivity in art. Don't go with the crowd, don't go by the rules, but ignore them or go against; although you need the necessary ... craziness! Also, don't rely on petrified knowledge. Going against is better (although harder) and more original, than following it ...

I am not upset if somebody denies my work, that is what I expect and demand. Better if people swear you than if they ignore you.

I dislike the arts (because I am a scientist), that's why I do arts!

The more you disregard the outer-art, the better.

I try to detest what anybody else loves, and reciprocally, I like what nobody else likes: art in opposite sense, self-insufficient art, incommunicable art, useless art.

The Outer-Artist is an artist without knowing it.

Outer-Art is an un-artistic work, which implies the unconscious creation! How I did it? Browsing my everyday notes book, where I scribble and smear my everyday's tasks, I observed that some pages look like ... art (paintings, drawings). Why do I do this kind of outer-art? Because I am not able to do another kind of art! I am not talented for something else ...

Outer-art is a movement for the people who have no talent in arts! [Paradoxically!] Even more, for people with anti-talent! A work that, after has been destroyed and thrown away, is being retrieved from the waste basket.

This is not found art, but converted non-art into art.

[May we say found outer-art?]

The attitude counts. For example, a page of mathematical thorny formulas may become a page of (outer-) art, or a page of chemistry with organic equations, or a biology drawing of the human cell, or a computer chart, or an engine design etc.

Why not? Let's introduce science into art.

- I do not substitute outer-art for art, but I want to reveal the first one too – because “de gustibus non disputandum”. The beautiful is hard to define. A Romanian proverb says that it is not beautiful what is beautiful, but it's beautiful what pleases me . . .

I want what I don't want, make what I don't make, and art What I don't art!

- If everybody could do it, why haven't anybody done and theorized it yet?

I see a fusion of art with outer-art and with all the cognitive (and in-cognitive) fields. There is no frontier among them . . .

However the real outer-art can be done by non-talented people (disqualified artists, human failures) only! [Non-talented people signify less than non-artists . . .]. No brush, no canvas, no easel. Paint with your finger, your legs, with leaves, grass, and excrements, or everything that is blamed.

Art as a therapy: when I feel sad, mad, bad, I draw and paint. And I have no skills for this! *Pain-*ting in turmoil and in urmoar. I discharge my soul, and feel free. As I did in a political refugee camp in Turkey, and nobody carried about my (outer-) art and miserable situation . . . I am an outer-artist.

Outer-Art is not Fluxus (based on non-art, which asserts that everything is art), neither Dada (which is based on found beauty). Outer-Art is outer-art! Which is based on ugliness, creation as detestable, awful, wicked, vile, abandoned, abominable, vicious, disgusting, spurious, rotten, grim as possible . . . If Duscamp's Brut Art was art made by insane but consciously, Outer-Art is made by anti-talented people but unconsciously.

Outer-Art is different from Yves Klein's nothingness (“le vide”): in Outer-Art there exists something. Outer-Art is not happenings, nor action, nor structuralism, nor minimalism, nor installation art.

All negative adjectives are cumulated in the outer-art:

- utterly awful and uninteresting art;
- disgusting, execrable, random art;
- outrageously execrable, failure art;
- garbage paintings: from crumpled, dirty, smeared, torn, ragged paper;
- using anti-colors and a-colors;
- naturalist paintings: from Wick, spit, urine, feces, any waste matter;
- art by non-educated people and for people who know nothing about art!
- without effort at all, dumb art;
- frustrating, disappointing art;
- disestablished and misjudged art;
- discredited, ignored, lousy, stinky, hooted, chaotic, vain, lazy, inadequate art (I had once misspelled “rat” instead of “art”);
- creation in inverse style;
- pre-art; not non-art or anti-art, but a-painting, a-sculpture, a-photo, generally “-art”;
- art which is not art, or outer art which is art!
- obvious, premature, insignificant art;
- in-deterministic, incoherent, ununderstandable, dull, uneven art . . .

as made by any monkey!

If this theory is not right, it's all right. The trend is towards an upside-down art.

These reflect the art's crisis . . . It's actually the artistic movements' war!

It is alike attending a class of creative art or writing, where the instructor tells you how to do, but you do the opposite. Or study the previous artists' styles and do not follow them – but contradict, or at least avoid, their way.

These are for the state of the outer-art!

I hate arts, that's why I love' em . . .

All negative adjectives are cumulated into outer-art:

- unrecognizable, obscure, unremarkable, syncopal art;
- para-art;
- deriding art expressing inanity and emptiness;
- strange, stupid, nerd art: the worst the better!

Because the modern man's lack of time, bombed with a torrent of information, unable to keep in touch, it is his need to rapidly read, write, paint, draw, sketch, art . . .

- art is over, outer-art takes over!

Let's struggle for awards for the worse creation.

Some people say that artists are a bunch of flakes, society's parasites. I'm an artist.

I'm not an artist, but an (outer-) art critic. I'm scientist (mathematician).

My "Outer-Art" album was destroyed by Brian Yoder, the moderator of the so-called "[goodart]" e-group, and his e-group members incited him to burn it (2001) – as I was informed by a friend. I am twice proud for it!!

All negative adjectives are cumulated in the outer-art:

- art which surpasses itself up to outer-art;
- outcast, increased art; the more controversial, the better!

For the demise of art;

- superficial art; aberrations; art retrieved from rubbish work;
- work with no respect for itself, neither for others;
- a hoax; terribly turpitude; this is an artistic syndrome;
- un-informative, inaccurate, bizarre, unaccomplished style;

We don't shoot down the previous art schools and movements; breaking the rules, we then make our own rules, and afterwards we breaking these last rules too! We try to unite them: all styles are good and bad in the same time.

- I paint how I don't feel like, against the common sense: images that do not signify anything, outside of any school or movement, without theme of sub/object; drawings which should not be drawn;

- vacuous, unintelligent work;

Let's consider the sub-culture, and the contra-culture culture too.

Let's love the ugliness and present any crap as art. Crap done by cranks.

- inferior art;
- outer-art is a matter of non-taste;
- to draw without drawing, to paint without actually painting . . .
- the future of art is outer-art;
- guilty and sin art.

See how easy is to be modernist, postmodernist, ultramodernist . . . and even impostor in arts?!

What are the characteristics of this Outer-Art?

- to say that bad is good, deformed is not deformed, hideous is pretty, nonsense has a sense;
- to plead for an art with no restriction, without boundaries; infinite art; mis-art;
- creation in derision, in counter-sense;
- irrational and spiteful creation;
- irrational and spiteful creation;
- waste, junk, filth art;
- superficial and unimpressive art; a work which is unimpressive to you, reader, is very relevant to me;
- idiotic and stupid art;
- no laws in art, or anti-laws;

- to represent the worst of thing and everything;
- a dogma against other dogmas;
- art as a miscarriage;
- mad art; self-incriminating art;
- to find the meaning of this meaningless art;
- And discuss what's healthy in this sick art!
- uncontrolled art;
- weak and unexpressive art, which doesn't reach the soul, from creators (better to say non-creators!) with no imagination, slime art;
- idle art;
- art behind art's frontiers!
- rogues art;
- art with no value: non-persuasive art done by un-experienced people;
- outlaw art; not-artistic art; outer-artistic art;
- art which violates art;
- art without form, without content;
- painting/ drawing/ sculpturing non-objects, non-ideas, non-feelings;
- distorted and blinded and bruised and confused and tangled work; like unharmonious music;
- push the art behind its endurance; push the art outside of itself;
- art's self-accusation; artistic mis-use;
- work of blind and armless artists;
- no structure, no order, no principles!
- No subject!
- disingenuous, unemotional, antihuman art;
- no graceful in art; weak art; disastrous art; disagreeable;
- chucking work;
- silly art: discredited, envoluted, anti-quality, unsatisfying, paranoid, controversial work; the worst of the worst! Because nobody cares about art!
- alterations, vapid, incompetent, hatred work;
- extrinsic, not intrinsic, value;
- odd, quirky, peculiar work;
- Transform the ill-made into well-made.
- Broke down the creation to look terrible!
- Let's defend questionable theory by tiresome the(r)orists in/out-art!

Arts are enemies and friends to each other: their frontiers are interpenetrated – we are not able to distinguish among domains and styles and even types of art anymore!

I painted one page with my own . . . blood . . . licking from my bleeding nose. It is not a metaphor, but the truth. I suffer from nose bleeding since I was a child, and no doctor could fix it. One told me that this is . . . good, because my blood is renewing by itself, keeping me . . . healthy! Then I transformed my anomaly into a . . . God gift for arts. Thus, I am a natural painter.

Yes, all negative adjectives are cumulated in the outer-art:

- to deform the art;
- tantrums; ravings;
- invalid and inarticulate, feeble, unexpressive, insignificant art;
- unperceived art;
- Art is anything and nothing, some art experts said.
- evil, vacuum, revolting, ambiguous;

- pseudo-art, spewing art;
- bad boys' art!
- dead end work!

It is not possible to bring anything new because everything is obsolete, the modern is old-fashion.

It doesn't exist good or bad art, but pleased or un-pleased art in the eyes of influential critics or magazines.

Failure means success. Success doesn't mean success.

Outer-artists do not incite to abandon or destroy art, but to have the interior includes the exterior and vice-versa. After a while, outer-art would become inner-art.

I wouldn't bother by anybody's disrespectful thinking about my outer-creation, it was expected for this style, and I sometimes like the invectives addressed to me . . . It is paradoxical way of appreciation, isn't it? I do not accuse anybody, it's normal to be reluctant to outer-art. Despite your criticisms, readers, I love you, shouldn't I?

I seek the experiments, and despite the former vanguardists were sworn at their times, later the world accepted their ideas.

My outer-art work is somehow chaotic, random, precious, bombastic, singular, strange, even with errors of grammar (don't forget that in one of my manifestos I wrote the emigrant's broken English language in America!). Because what's considered incorrect today, might be retaken as correct tomorrow. [For example, the incorrect Latin language spoken by various populations in antiquity became the correct modern Romance languages].

It has many detestable attributes, but doesn't mean it shouldn't be given attention. Let's give a nice look to rude things and reciprocally: opposite interpretation to very positive things.

How to write the theory of a bad theory?

- use unprofessionals or semiprofessionals;
- reverse thinking: such as, for example, progression is regression, great is Weak etc;
- plagiarize the plagiarists;
- be an outsider, act different, art different;
- deform and disturb the arts; but do an exact deformation;
- to create means not to create;
- when one doesn't do art, then one does art;
- learn to like what you normally dislike, I mean the outer-art;
- feel good about sour things;
- get the right side from the malign form.

I teach you how not to paint, and generally how not to art!

If we plead for outer-art, then what kind of creation to do?:

- littering; trash; evil; unsolicited art work;
- self-destructing work; deteriorated work; art hating art;
- rude, futile, obvious, poor art;
- compose disliked misunderstood, marginalized art;
- ramblings;
- outer-art-ism;
- art below and above art;
- distorted and overlapped images;

- scratches, wipings, simple pages, documents, writings for drawings and paintings: as a structureless structure;

- artists without art (work);
- incomplete art;
- outer-art without intrinsic formal or conceptual qualities;
- anarchy; chaos theory and catastrophes' theory of arts;
- introduce into art the anti-art, non-art and outer-art;
- outer-art encompasses a part of any movement and style: like a hybrid;
- incompatible, obscured and suppressed worthless;
- nasty, scorn, self-rejected art;
- discarded, self-admittedly wrongdoing.

This should be our unusual (upside-down theory). A meta-art.

Why this outer-art? Because it DOES exist in the nature! No matter if we appreciate it or not, the outer-art is part parcel from the world.

Please, tolerate the outer-art! . . .

Outer-artists like anti-publicity, they even look for it; the worse the better! We are proud of being odious and of committing errors!

Again, all the negative adjectives are cumulated in the outer-art:

- art without art; outer-art; art behind and ahead art;
 - reconsideration of art;
 - behind the academic artistic definitions, concepts, theories and anti-theories;
 - provocative art;
 - residual art, in-formal art, un-famous art;
 - pre-art and post-art!
 - creation feeling bad about itself;
 - incomprehensible art;
 - outer-artistic behaviour;
 - oeuvre of outer-art;
 - work that tells you all and nothing;
 - decoherent work;
 - exhibitions without exhibitions;
 - aesthetic of inaesthetic;
 - harassment of the artistic works;
 - utter bullshit art;
 - rudimentary; gullible; atrocious;
 - self non-taught artists; I am a non-wanna be artist;
 - art with many mistakes;
 - unpretentious, vulnerable, egregiously rubbish work;
 - like a fossil;
 - your comments should really make me filling bad . . . ;
 - lurked art (find it!); carelessly made work; ignorant;
 - somehow invisible art work!
 - self-destructive art work;
 - artists who do art not artists;
 - you feel you don't understand what you in reality understand;
 - it's like swearing someone with a nice voice (as having said "I love you")!;
 - the opposite ideas and styles may be true simultaneously;
- People on the street laugh at you if you tell them you're a painter or poet for example.

I am outsider artist.

- sterile and vacuous art;
- risky work;
- exhausted art;
- art in pact with devil;
- broken and cut canvas, pictures;
- looking for public antirecognition and disapproval and contempt;
- paintings for daltonists (green instead of red etc.);
- we benefit from anti-audience;

Like in a competition where you are the only candidate, but win second place!

- gallery with nothing inside: empty frames, upside-down portraits, dust, broken glass; or the frames painted only – not the canvas inside;

- not-started and unfinished art work;
- perverse, alternative art;
- heterogenous work.

Let's turn what is business into art!

- art that makes a laughing-stock of itself and lay its (outer-) creators on the gridiron;
- art of no significance and no value;
- ridiculous and self-discredited and in derision art;
- art without name, without style.

Be aware about unaware artistic forms.

I know how not to paint and not to sculpture and not to art. Do you too?

Look at the beauty of arts-in-bad (questionable)-taste!:

- offensive, crude, insulting, repulsive, inaesthetic art;
- conflicting views/images, ideas;
- blatant nonsense; pervasive;
- not anti-intellectualism, but non-intellectualism;
- unskilled artists, without mentality;
- unperceived; disrespectful art;
- confusional art;
- a-literature, a-painting, a-drawing . . . non-painting painting;
- amateurish work by professionals;
- poisoning ideas; controversial art;
- artistic absolute freedom, no censorship;
- use the technique of not-knowing-how-to-paint paintings;

The attitude counts; for example, the car's noise can be presented as music for example; this is outer-music (music behind music)!

- muddy art;
- irritation art;
- unconvincing art;
- imperfect as much as possible;
- delirious art;
- abused art!
- art without credibility;
- mindless, boring art;
- art ashamed of itself;
- sinful, dissolute, degraded, wicked, miserable beaux-arts!
- metamorphosis of outer-art into art the time to come; watch it!
- outer-exhibition, outer-gallery;

- outer-museums and outer-art schools.

And let's end up with outer-art vs. outer-art! [an auto-contradiction] . . . Outer-Art should deliberately be the worst movement of all!

Therefore, I eventually pray you not to like my work!

Outer-Artistically unfriendly and regretfully,
Dr. Florentin Smarandache

P.- S. Outer-Biography:

FS is single. Didn't marry Mis(s) Art, because he didn't trust her.

FS is

FS is not

FS doesn't have a studio. His studio is the world.

Among all artists he's the only outer-artist. The more you dislike his work, the better his mission is accomplished.

FS doesn't have artistic talent, but anti-talent or a-talent . . .

FS doesn't sculpture because he is a sculpture himself.

FS reinvents the art by ignoring or hating it enormously, and thus re-considers the art into a continuously beginning status.

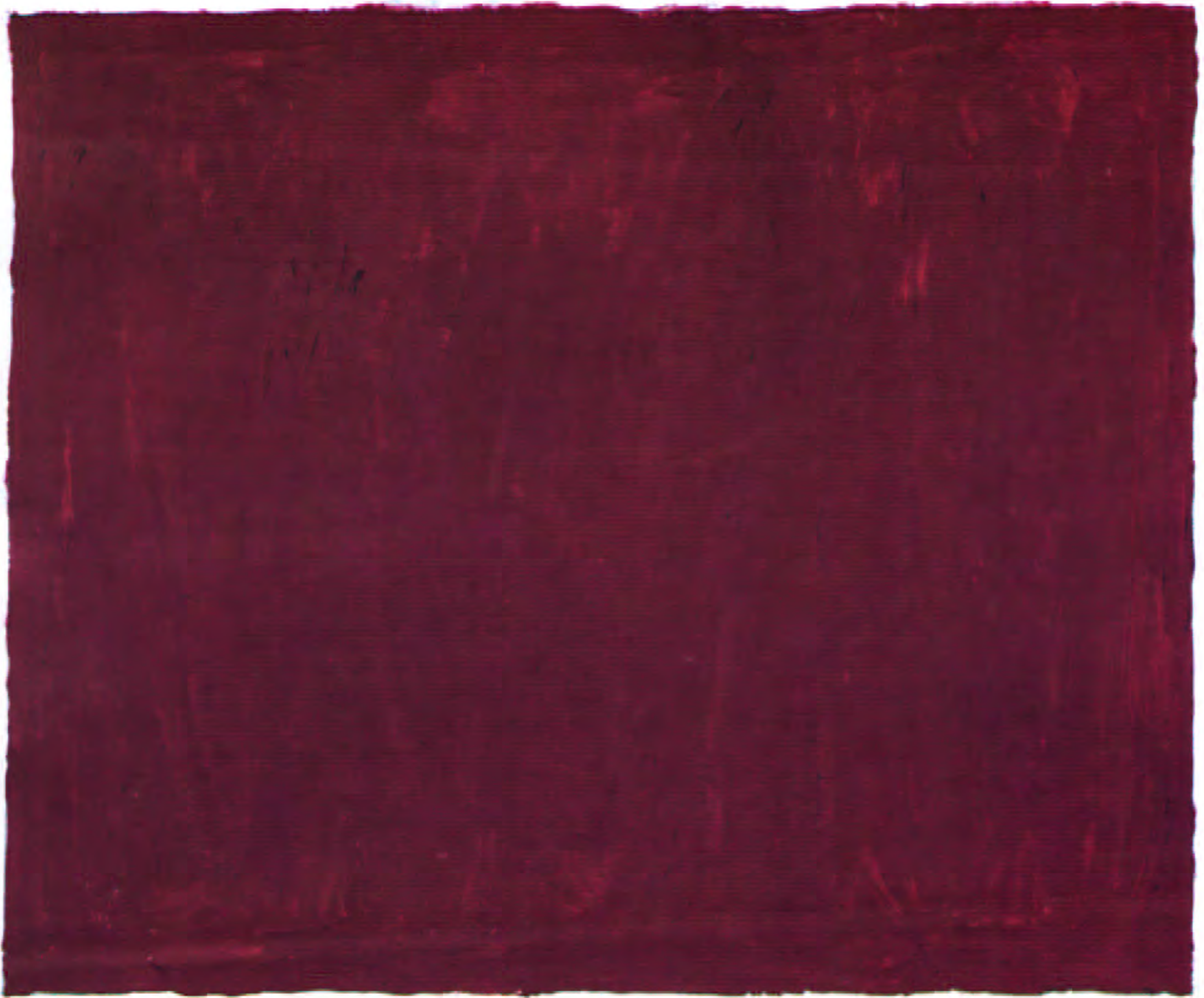
Do not attempt to understand his work, because this would not be agreeable to you.

Exhibitions where he didn't expose:

New York (1954), London (1820), Paris (2020), and many, many others.

ANTI EVERYTHING

I
Anti-Klein¹



Blue Smarandache²

¹ Yves Klein painted in 1961 the canvas "Blue Monochrome", representing a blue rectangle.

² Because Blue Monochrome has a nuance of red in my paradoxist perception, especially when the light shines on it. How does a Daltonist see this canvas? Therefore, let's paint for Daltonists and for blinds!

II

Anti-Malevich¹

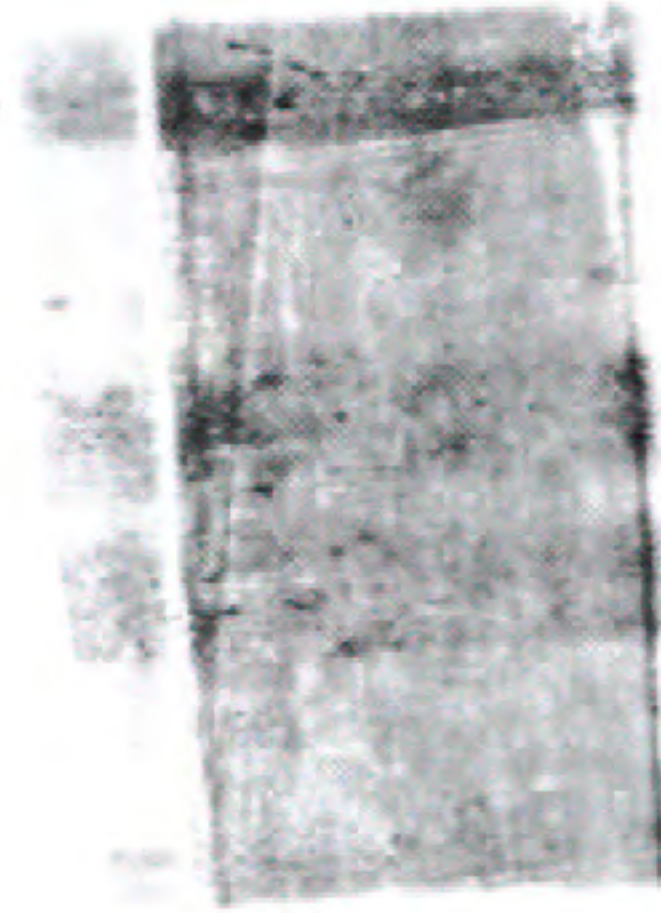
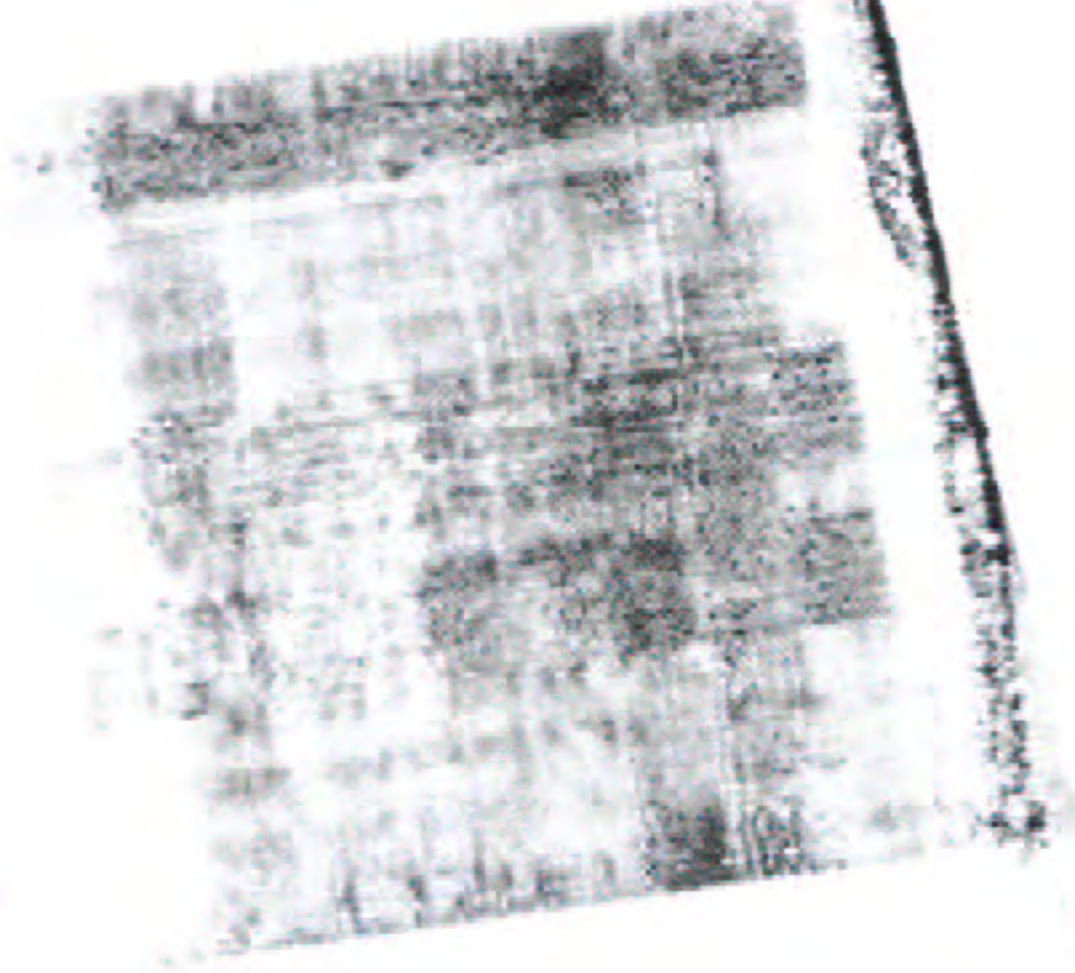


A Square²

¹ Who painted squares.

² Because the circle is a regular polygon, like the square, but with an infinite number of sides, each side of length zero.

WORTHLESS TRIFLES

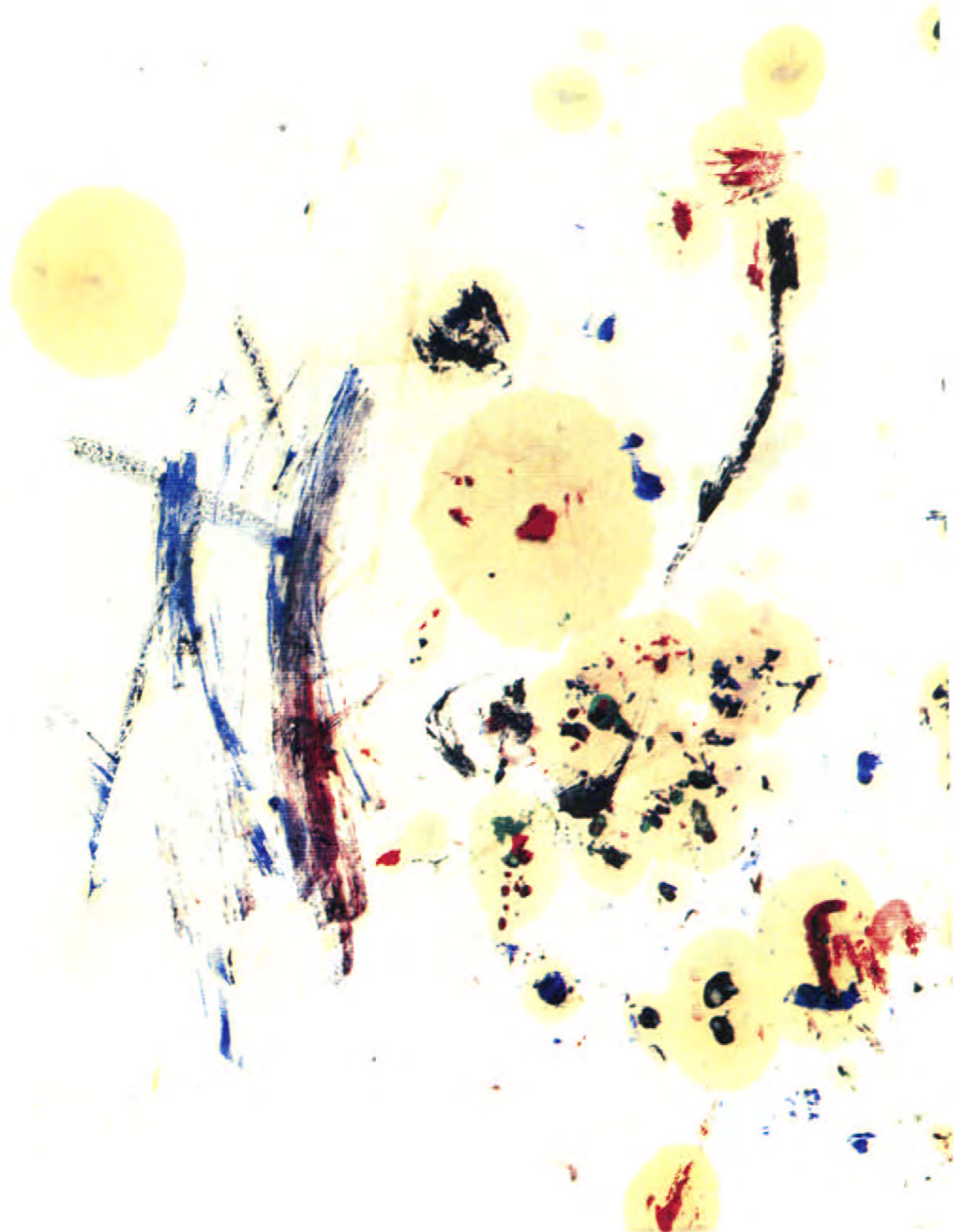






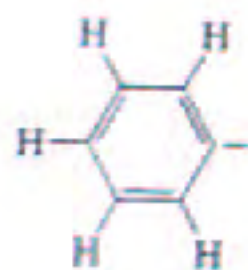
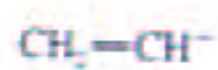
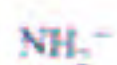
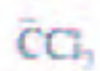
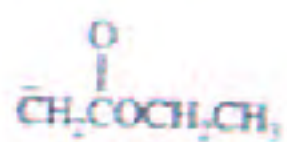
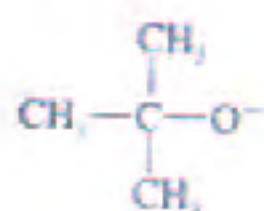
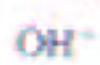
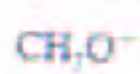
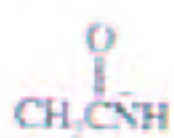
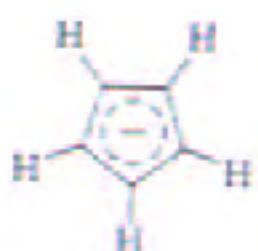
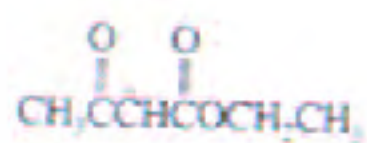
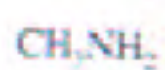
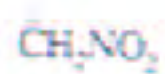




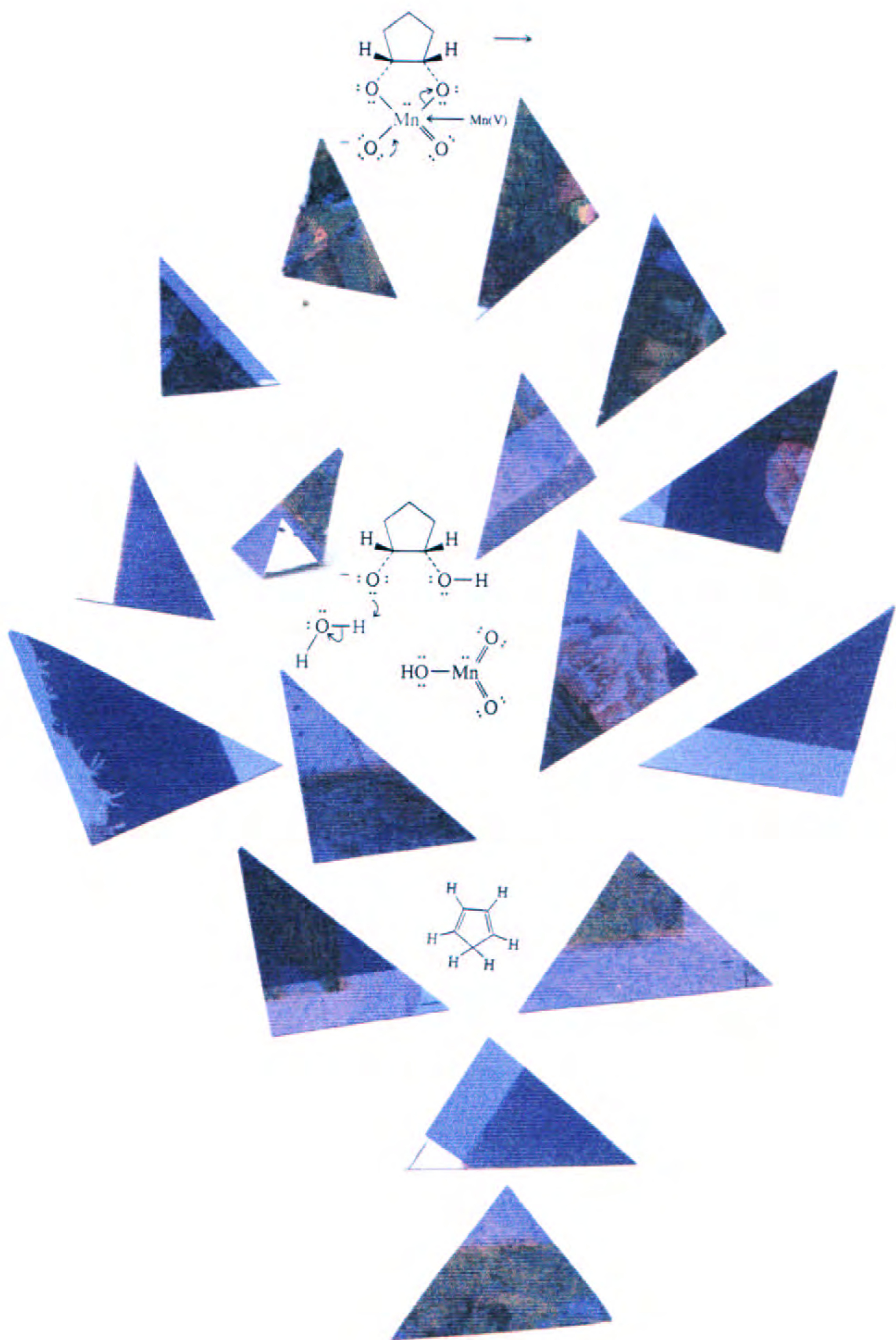


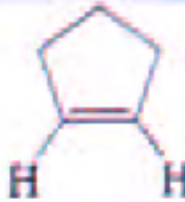
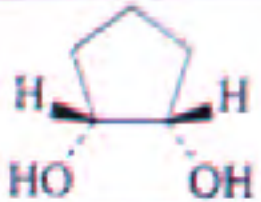
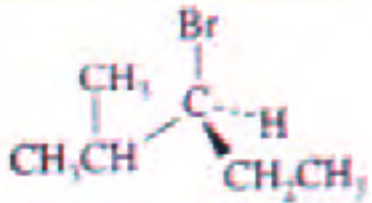
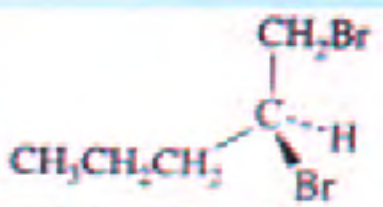
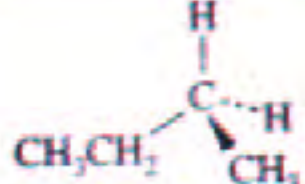

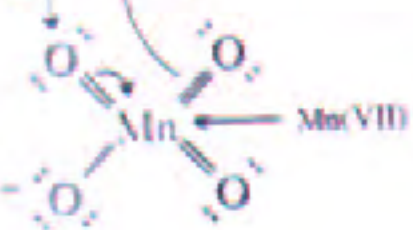
CHEMISTRO-ART

Conjugate Base



Strongest Base



 $+ K^+MnO_4^- + H_2O$ potassium permanganate	$\xrightarrow{\text{tert-butyl alcohol}}$ 	$+ MnO_2 \downarrow + K^+OH^-$ manganese dioxide
cyclopentene <i>purple solution</i>	<i>cis-1,2-cyclopentanediol</i>	<i>brown precipitate</i>
		
		
		
		
$\xrightarrow{\quad}$ 		



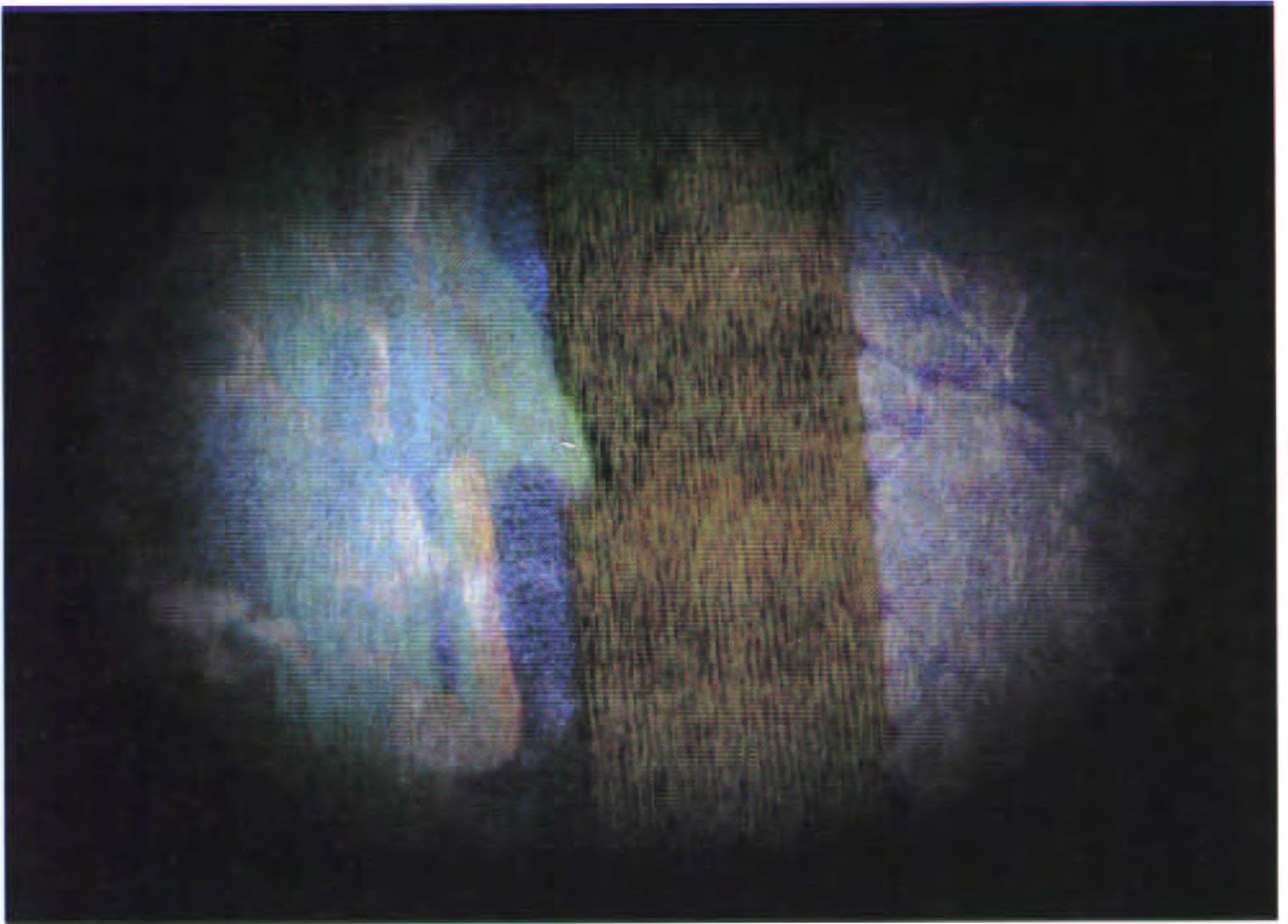
IMATURE ART



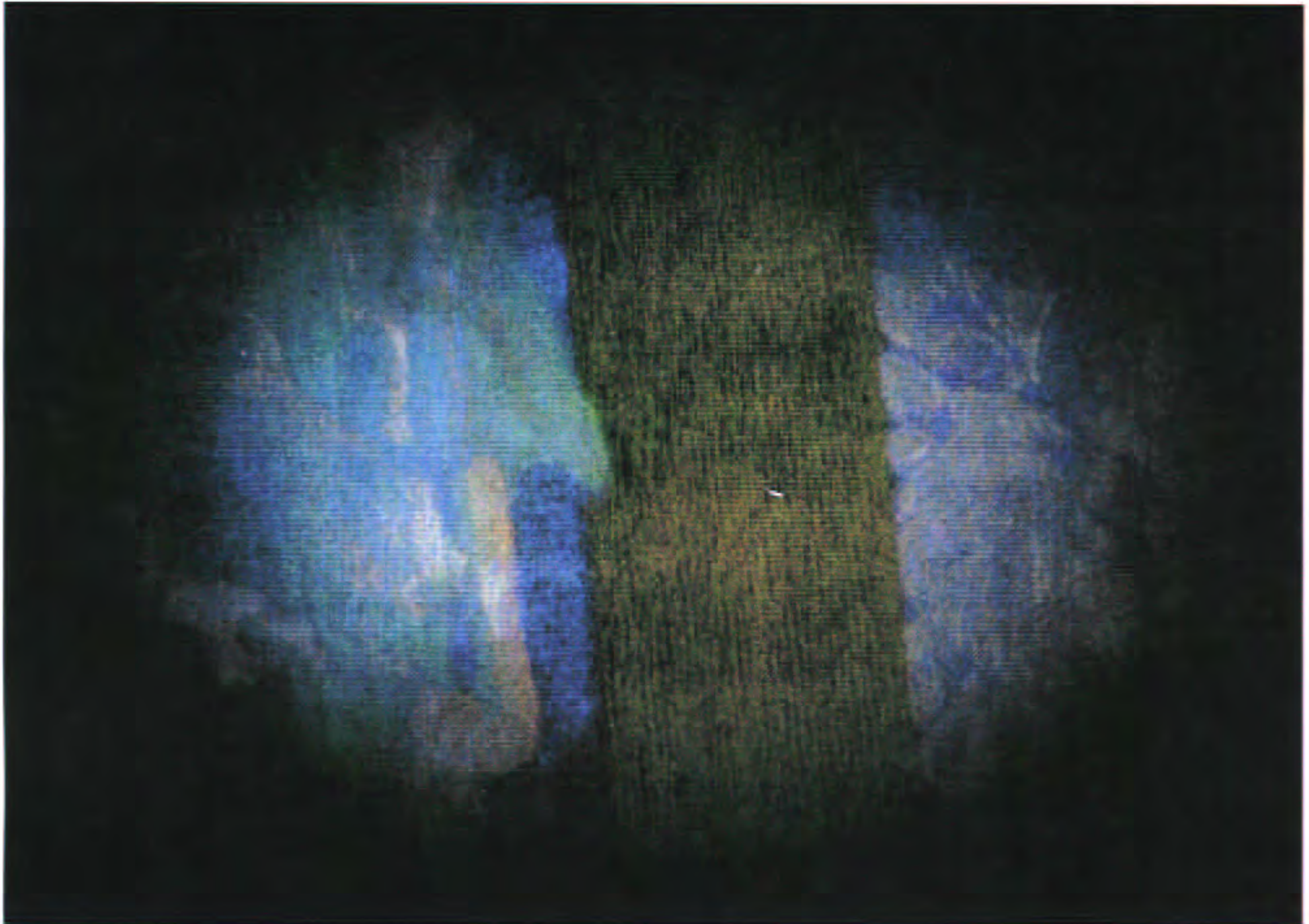




THE SUBCONSCIOUS

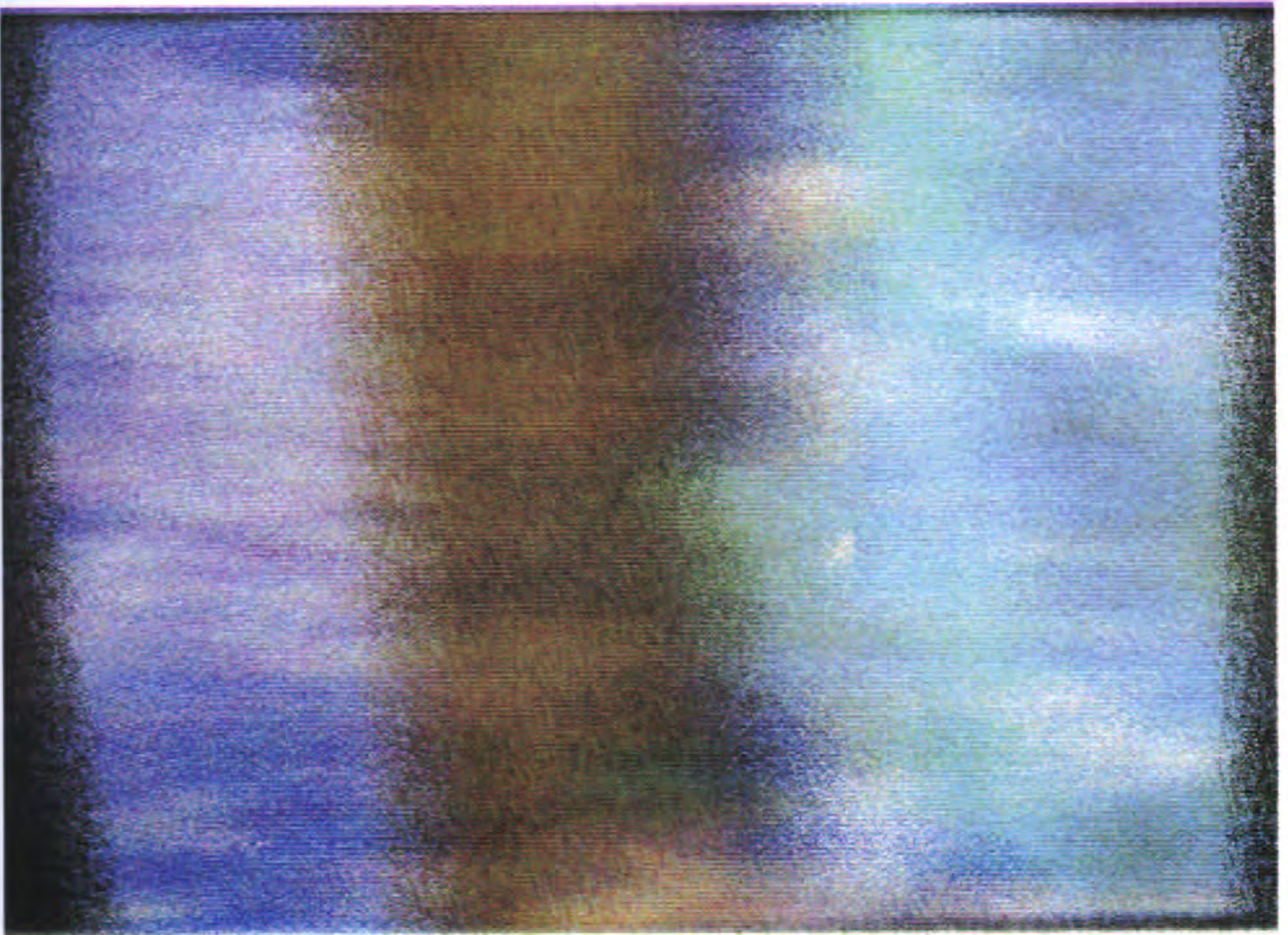


Egg

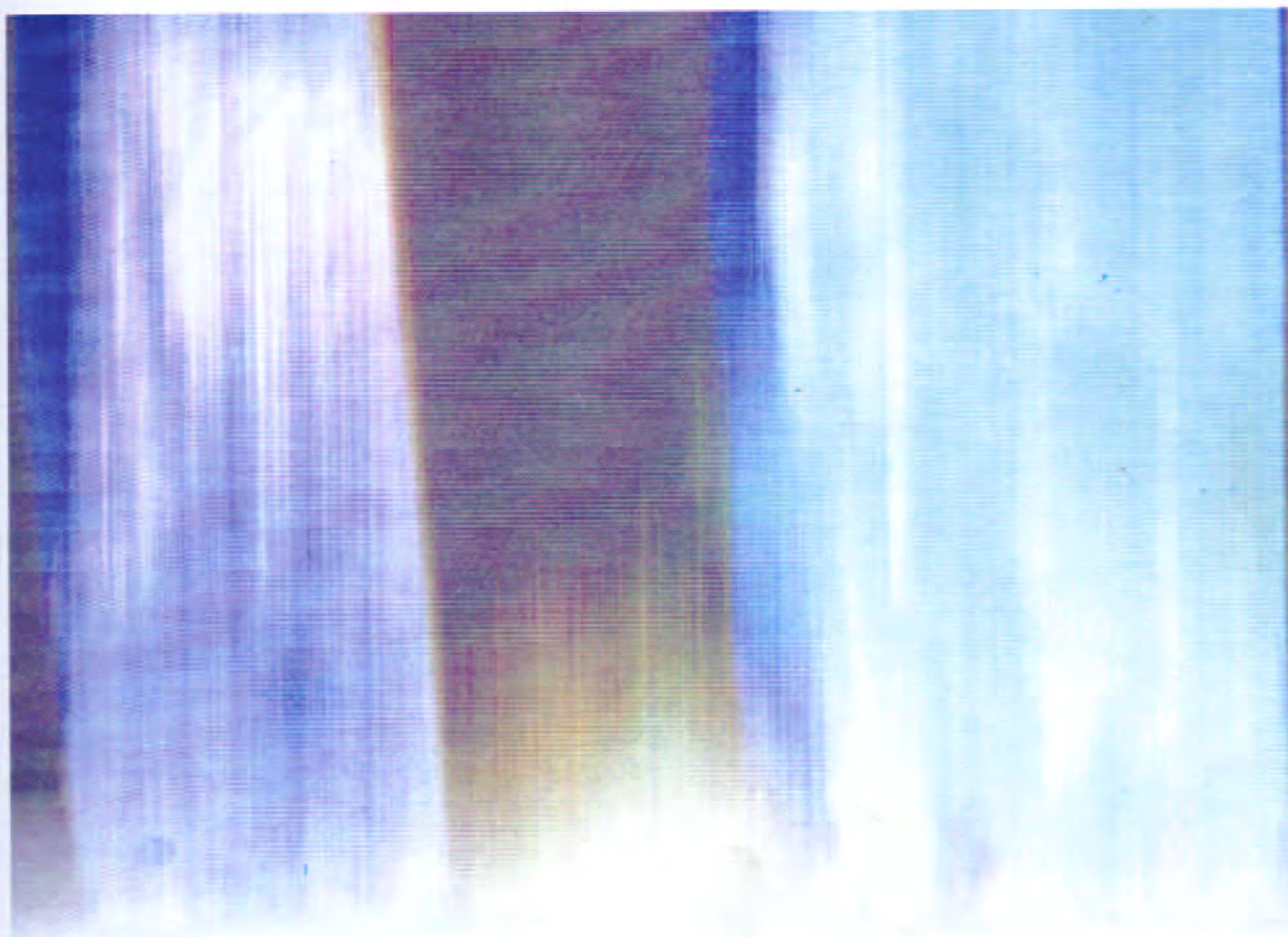


Cosmos¹

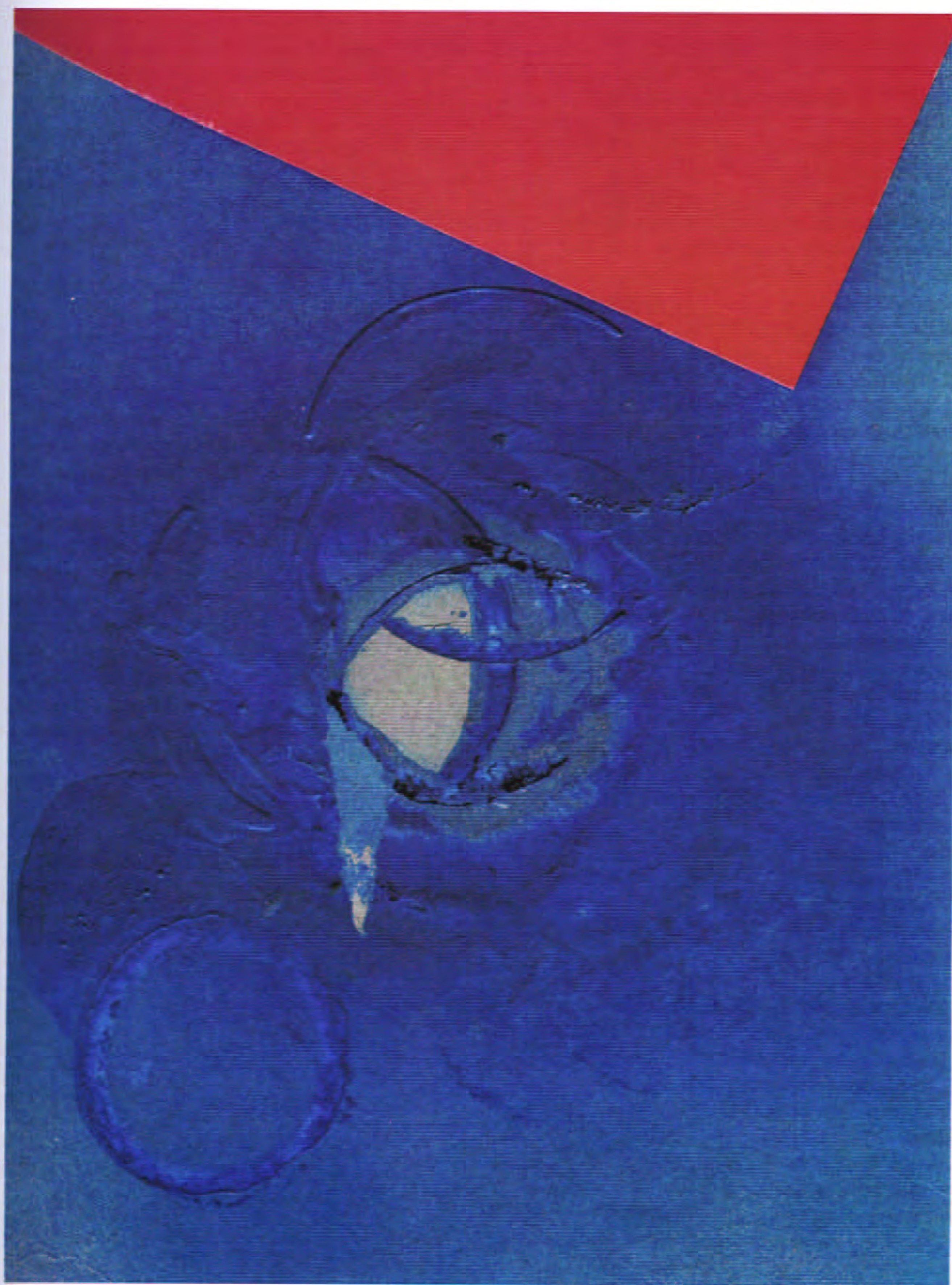
¹ Why the same painting repeated in one (outer-)album? Because art is ambiguous, polyvalent, complex, and every person perceives, interprets and understand it differently ...



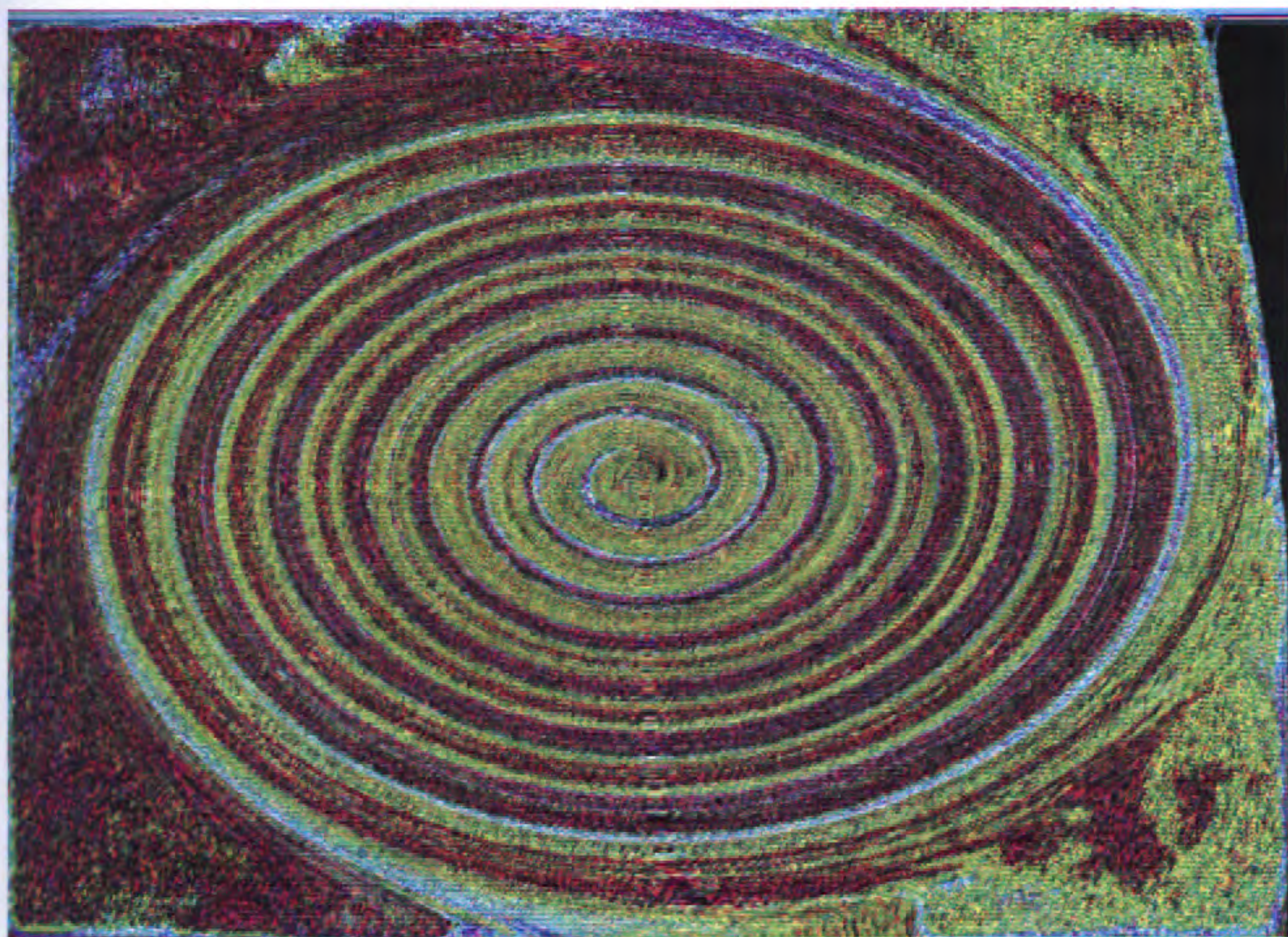


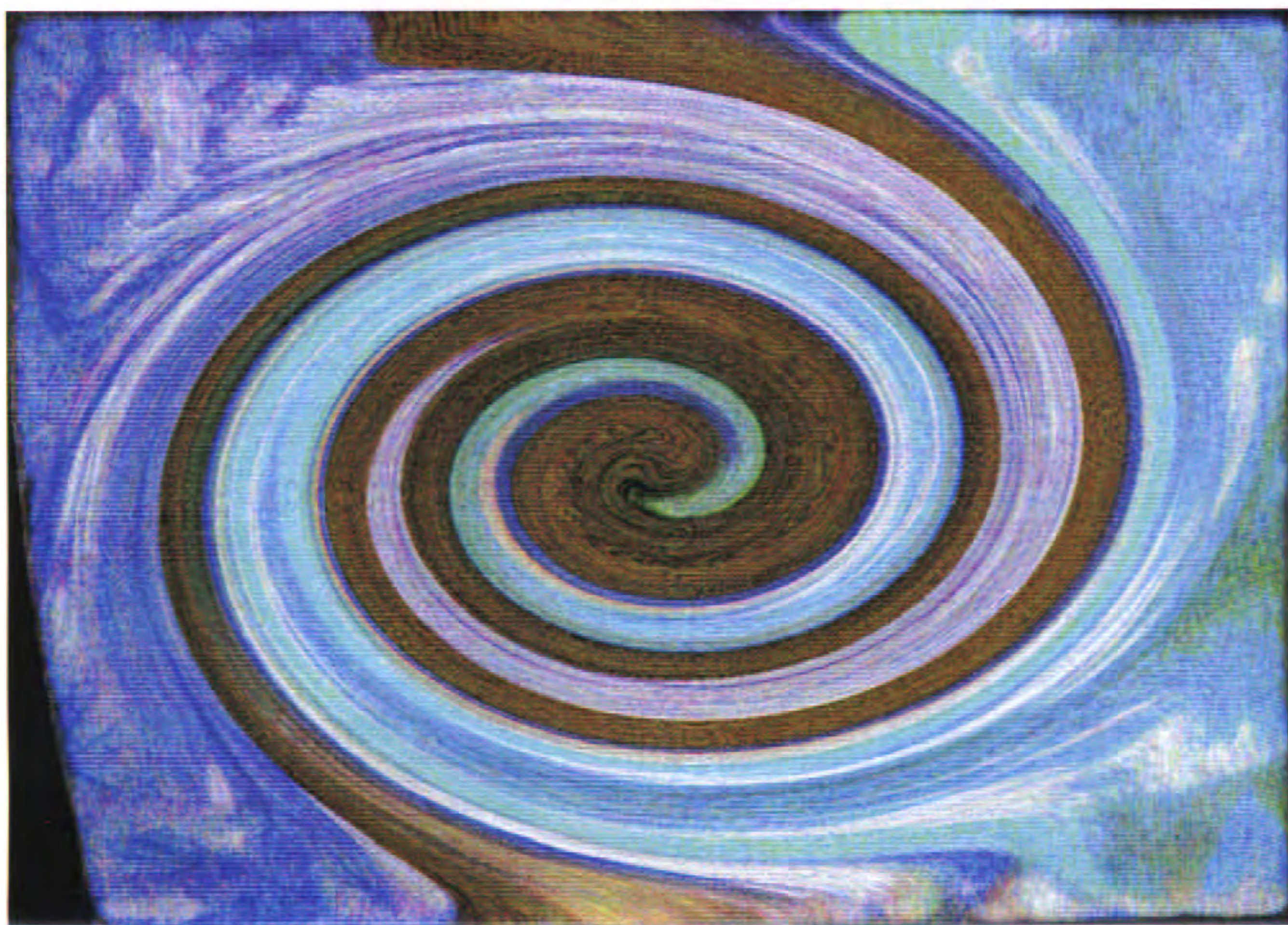






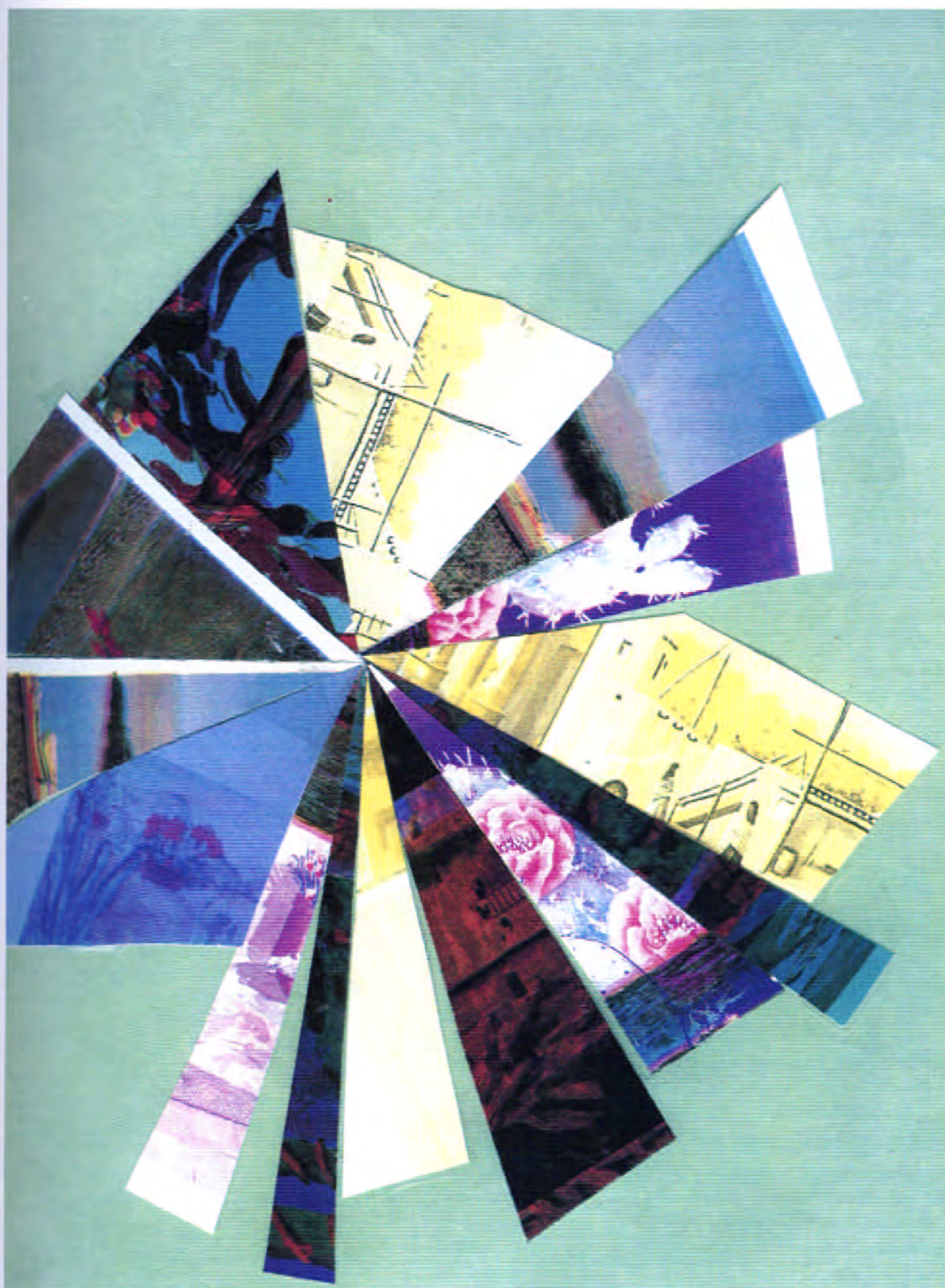
THE UNIVERSE







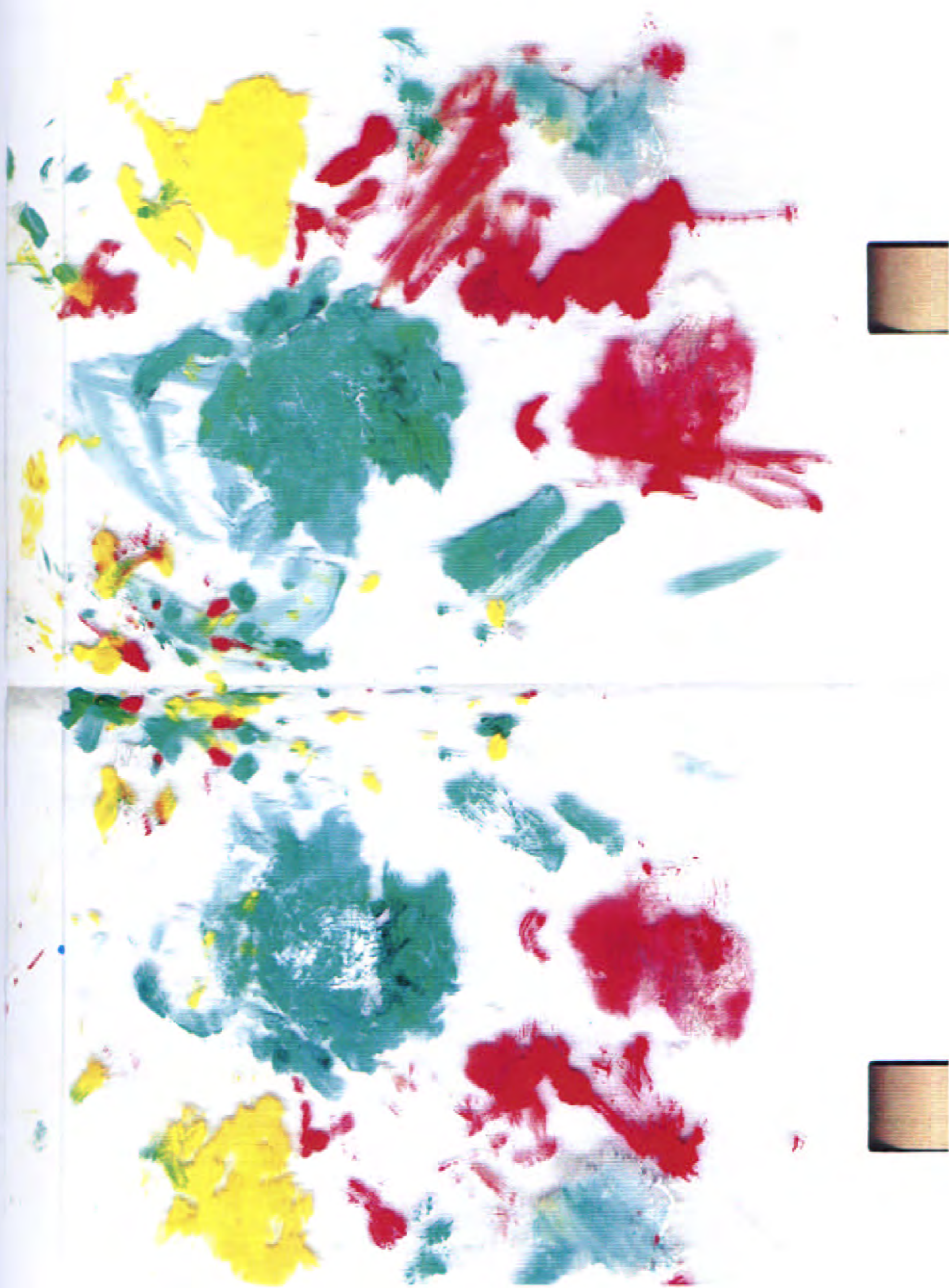




IN THE GARDEN

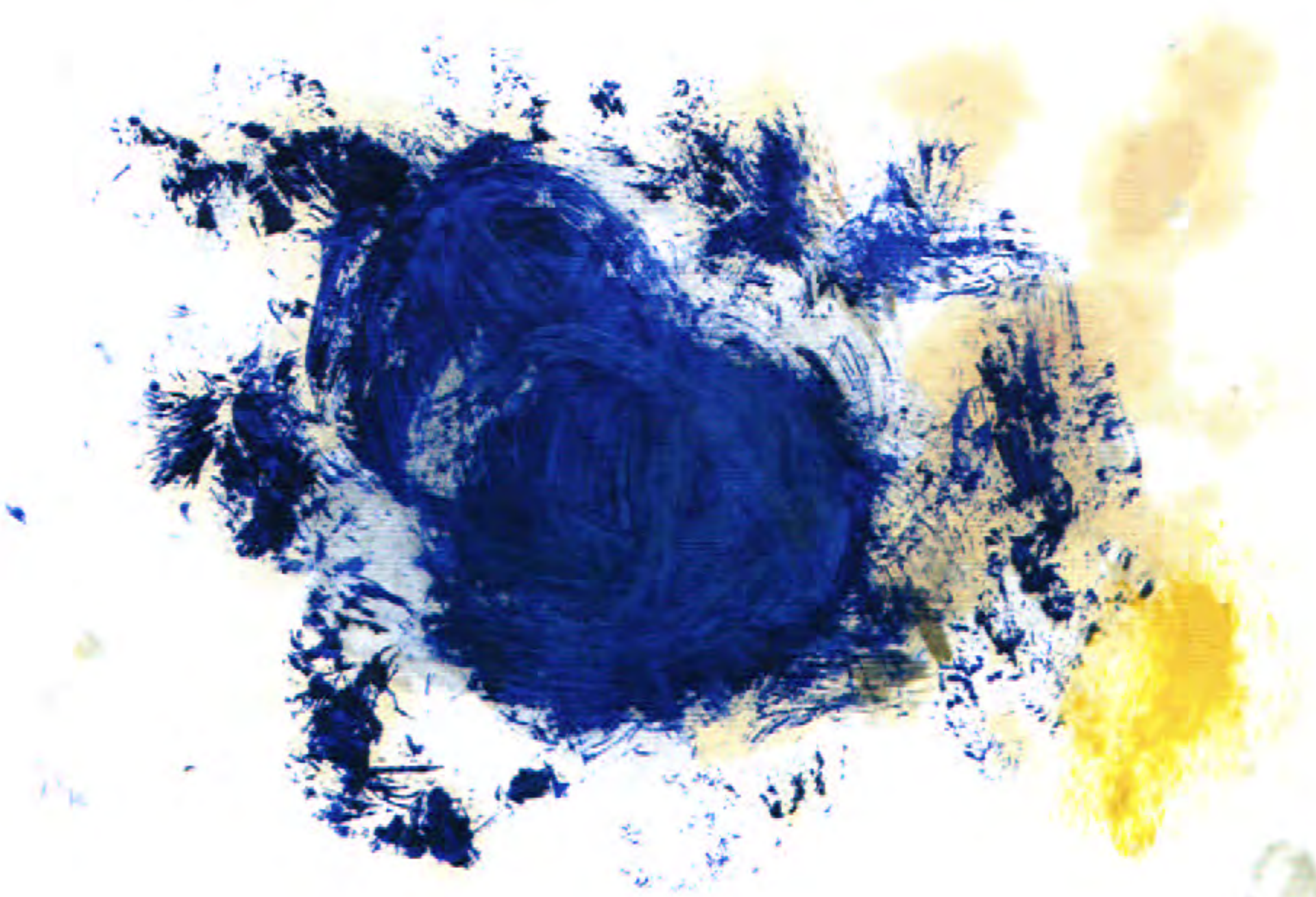
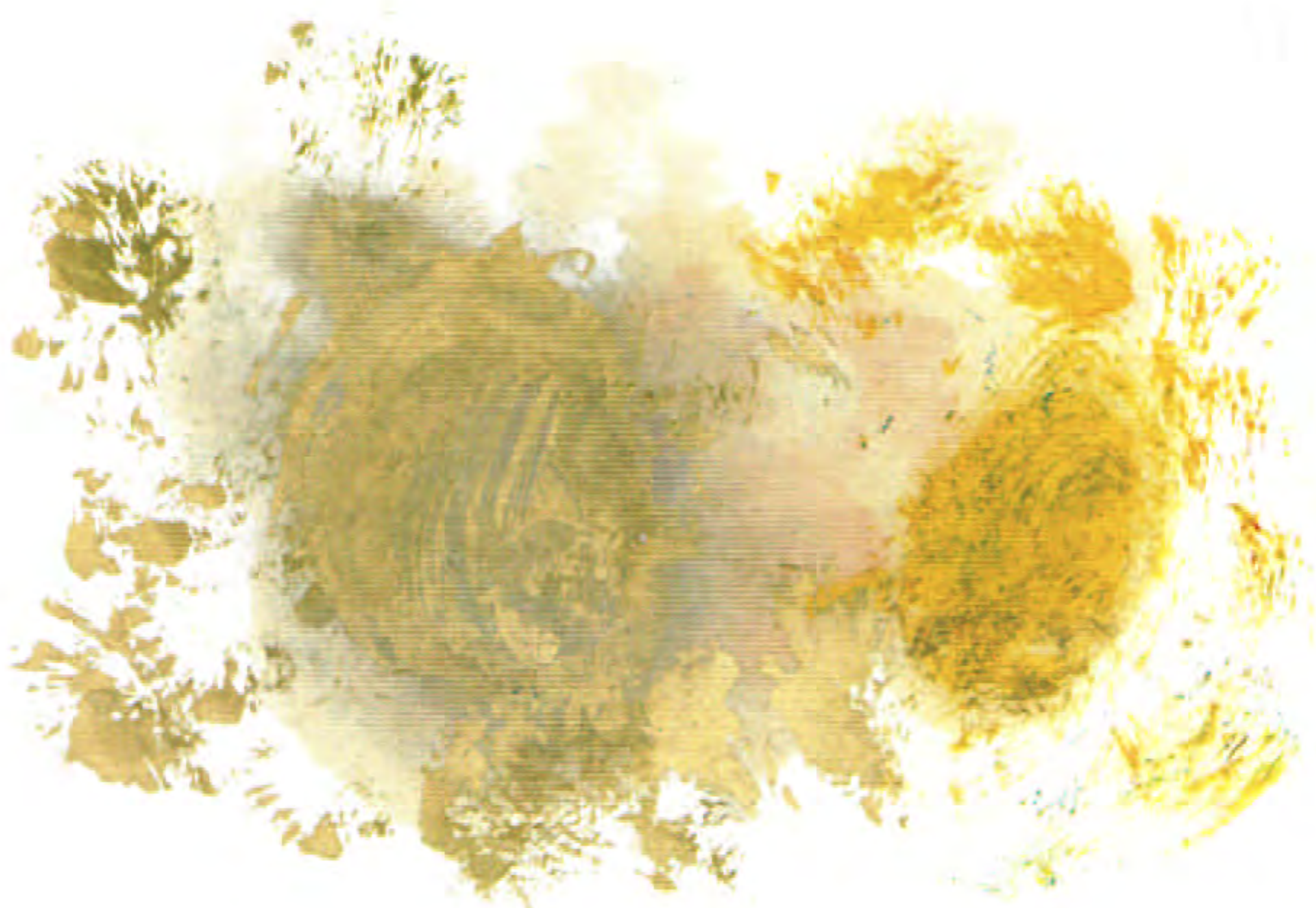


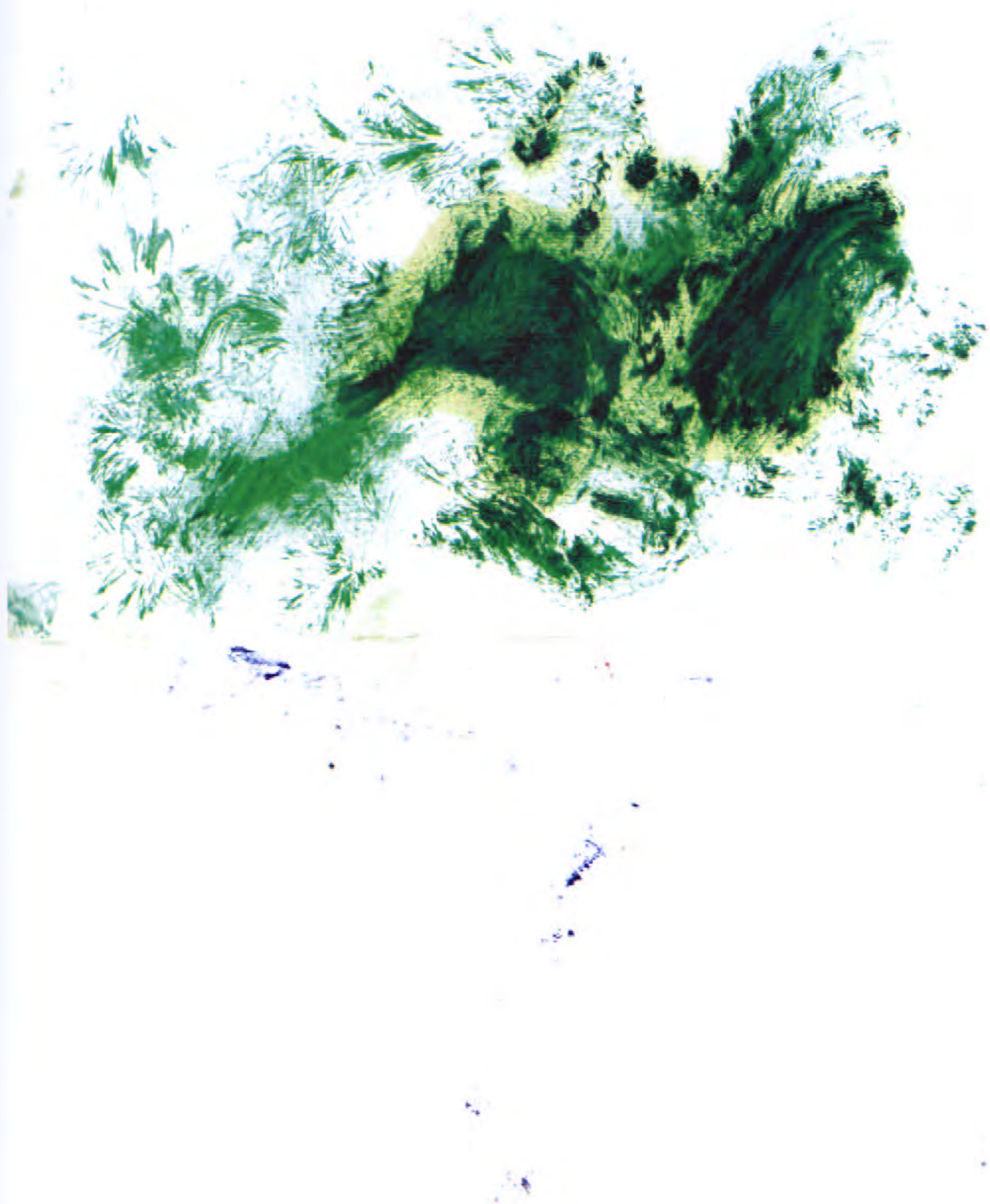


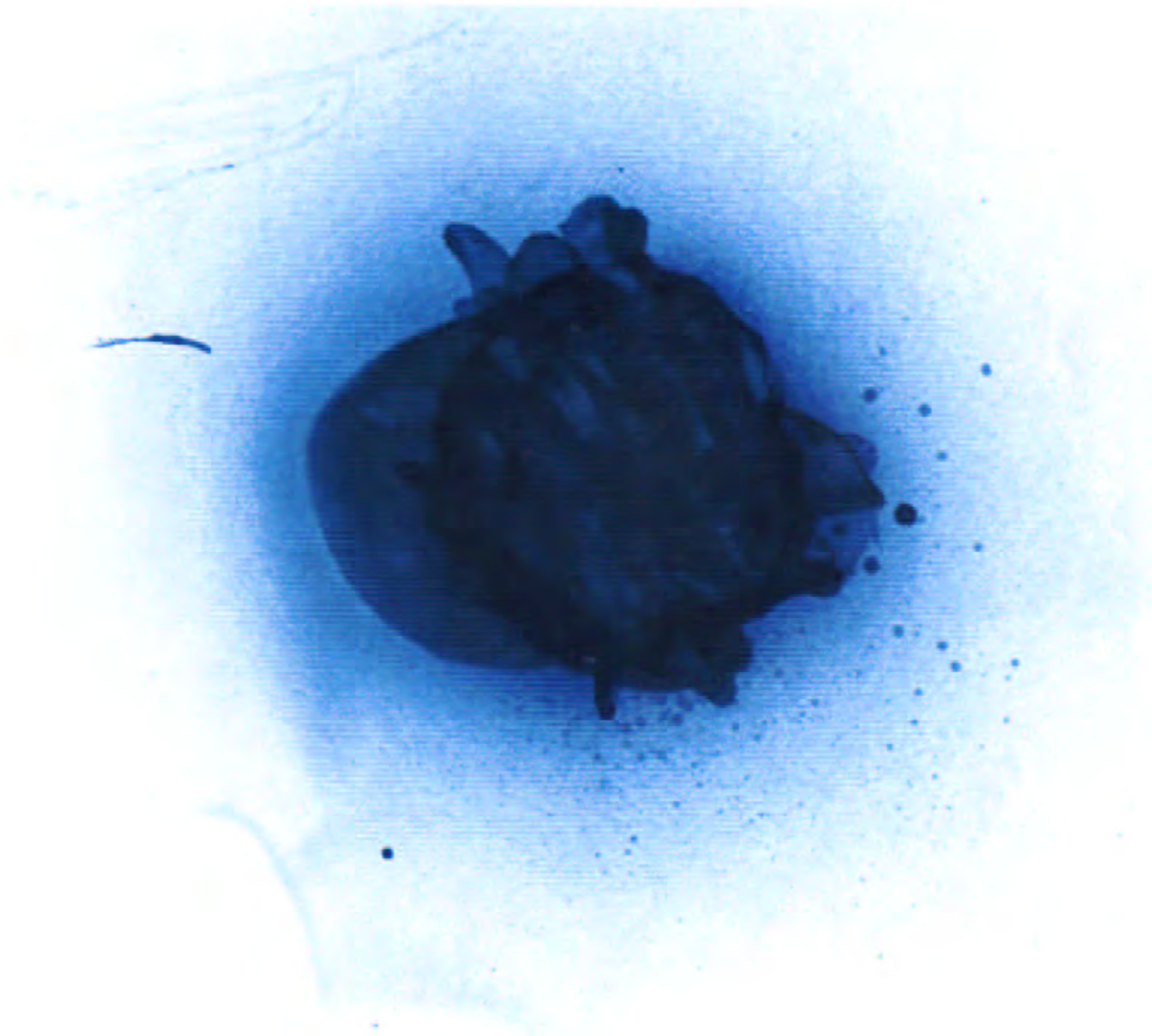






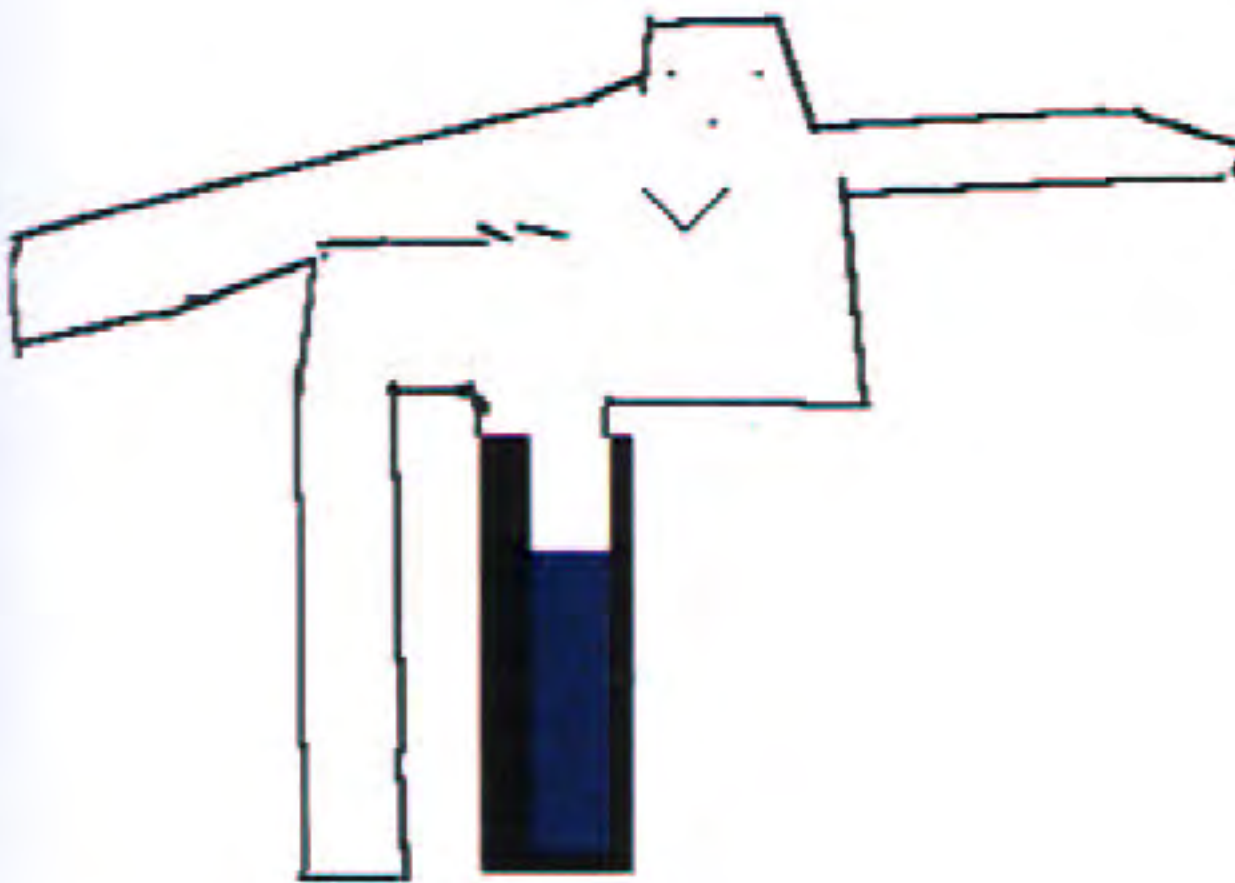








SILLY COMPUTER DESIGNS



4. The silly theorem problem

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$E = \frac{1}{2} m v^2$... evolution ... that ...

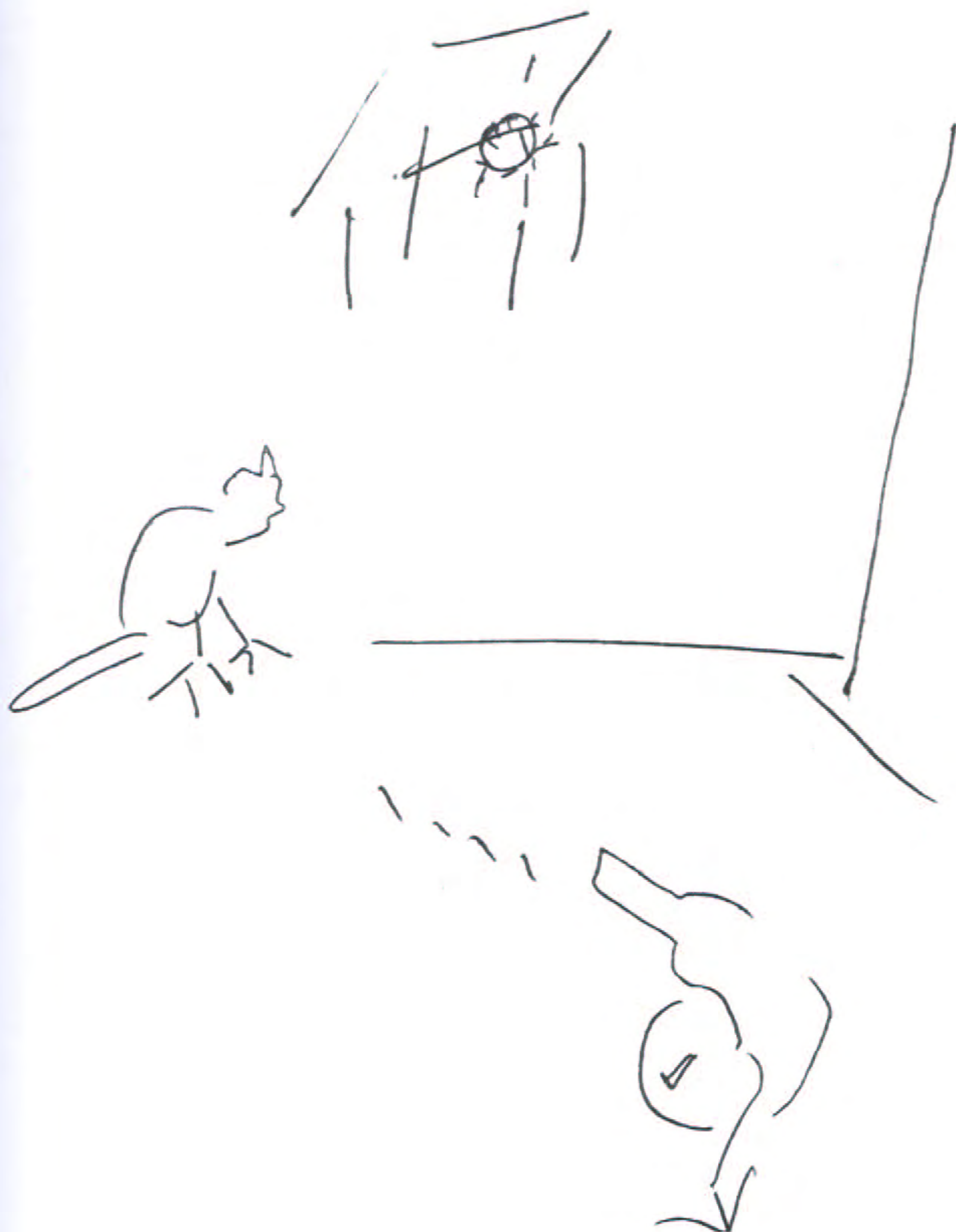
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grass



**DRAWINGS
MADE WITH CLOSED EYES**



Acert desu este făcut

cu ochii

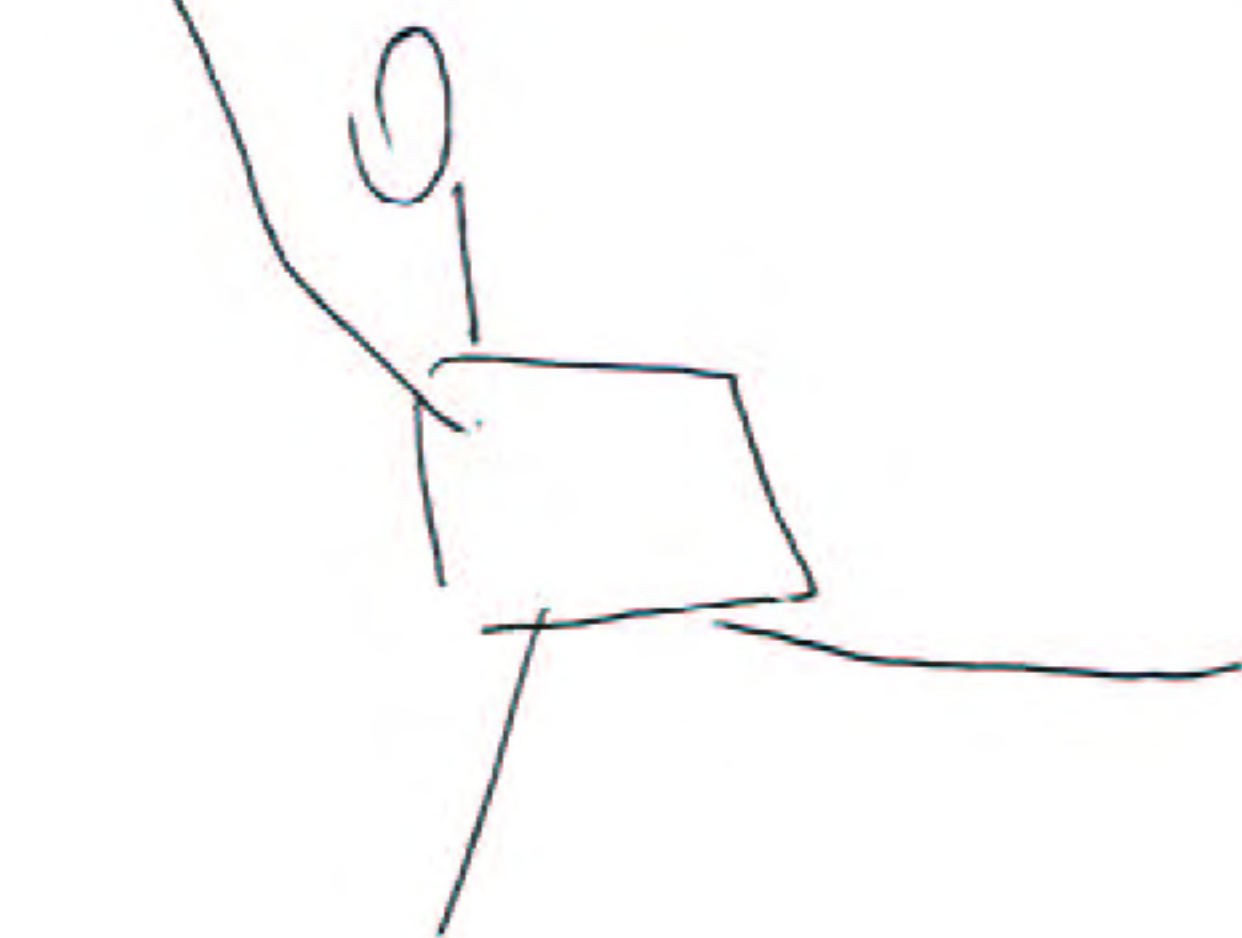
cu ochii închiși



Ovidiu Flămânț



i can draw with
cloud eyes only





NUMBER DRAWINGS

[illegible]

My Number Car

[illegible]

[illegible]

Paradoxism and (Outer-) Art: a New Cultural (Dis)Order?¹

Interview: Mugur Grosu, Mircea Tuglea, Florentin Smarandache

M. G.: Because I have, finally, before my eyes two significant works- your volume, *Destiny* (published last year although it was written 20 years ago!) and a more special work, *Outer-Art*, that we have to talk about without doubt later on-, we can start interviewing you. At the beginning. I am asking you to make a short introducing of your "inventions" until now: paradoxism, outer-art etc. Could you place these proposed directions within a certain order of the vanguard movements? In 80's, when the post-modernism was flourishing, you put the basis of a vanguard that you called Paradoxism. In the beginning of your volume of experimental art there was an interesting manifesto entitled "Ultra-modernism?" What means this question mark? In manifesto's end you said: "Let's revolt against *classicised* art and fight for a New Art World Order!" Considering the joking-crazy manner of your whole (non)artistic speech in that album, I am wondering if you don't propose, sooner, a "new disorder" in the arts world!

F. S.: All, who proposed a new style, provoked new apparent disorder. See the cubists, the futurists, the minimalists, the suprematists (Malevich), the constructivists (Kupka, Gabo, Rodchenko), the deconstructivists (in architecture), the baroquists, the orphists, the populists, Op Art [Optical Painting] (Vasarely), Pop Art and the assemblists (Andy Warhol, Wayne Thiebaud, Roy Lichtenstein), the conceptualists, the abstractionists. Even some less known attempts, as the *rayonism* (Larionov, Goncharova) in painting, based only on linear rays, stirred up the interest of a Kandinski.

I like the experiments, I am crazy about them; and from here one comes to a lack of balancing, and again to a balance in a desire of equilibrium. Nothing can remain motionless. Not all the experiments are forced, as some seem to be initially. You can't be successful from the first attempt: neither in art, nor in science. Thomas Edison did 1750 (!) unsuccessful experiments concerning the burning of filament in vacuum, until getting his discovery = successful experiment]

Not only when the question doesn't work different solutions are sought, but also when the people are bored/ sick of it. They also want to drink another cup of tea! What would it be if no more poem was written, because nobody could reach Eminescu? And to read all the time his verses only.

Joyce is not the only classicised experimentalist (in fact, he was much blamed, rejected at his time: because he was describing some scabrous deeds which made many influent ladies, from the high society, to turn up their nose . . . For instance, he detailed on two pages what a main character was doing at the privy: how the room was filling with pestilential smells etc. Here is a Joycean quotation, from memory: "Into a ditch, her back a little bent in front, a woman is pissing like a cow".

¹ Starting from paradoxism, Florentin Smarandache initiated a movement in arts too, named in his characteristic way, "Outer-Art (1990), i. e. 'art behind art, or art without art', and he published an album with such a title (2000). In his previous *manifesto and antimanifesto* for OUTER-ART [see also <http://www.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/outer-art.htm>] he pleads for making art as ugly as possible, as wrong as possible, and generally as impossible as possible. Therefore, all up-side down . . . smarandachely! It is no surprise that his second album is intituled "Outer-Art, the Worst Possible Art in the World!" (2002). [I. Soare]

Similarly those with the Absurd Theater (Ionesco, Beckett, Adamov). Arrabal (with his Theater of Cruelty). I won't list all of them now . . .

I have admired the movements of creation and I have read their rules: not to follow, but to infringe them. As well as Chaim Soutine, *peintre maudit*, between the two world wars, at Ecole de Paris, who was destroying periodically his paintings, I'm keeping my outer-paintings. I am concerned with the *involuntary painting*, because deliberate art (with or without tendency), is artificial, insincere, unspontaneous. Any art is an artifice (David Graham). You have to surprise yourself if you want to be a poet (Robert Frost). I have also retorted counter-experiments to Yves Klein, and anti-compositions to De Kooning or Pollock (abstract-expressionists), whose paintings are however perceptible in repetitive units. You see, the avoidance of any form of art in order to give birth to outer-art: to paint as . . . impossible as you can!

Dear Sirs, once upon the time, in 1980's, at the beginner column, in "Luceafarul" [The Morning Star] journal, sustained by Geo Dumitrescu, where I was striving to publish, at the end of a year appeared a selection with the worst poems received by Geo from beginners certainly without mentioning the authors. I give you my word, I was reading these writings in a brewery, with other friends-writers, and we laughed till the tears came, and all of us wished to have an entire such anthology, which we would gladly bought – in comparison with the stiff verses published in every magazines, in which different poets sought to 'amaze' in every way possible.

What was happening to those novices: they didn't obey to any rule, they weren't ashamed to uncover their troubles, were not contaminated with influences and models, they had an extraordinary frankness! In the end, I considered their poems the best creations of the magazine. A real paradox! And my foresight was confirmed somehow in what is called today Junk Sculpture (sculptures of rubbish, sooner an assembling of waste).

Well, this way of *how not to write* became as an emblem of paradoxism, later on extended to the way of **how not to paint**, *how not to design*, *how not to sculpture*, until the way of *how not to act*, or *how not to sing* on stage – more clear: all upside-down. Look, in this way I have written "NonNovel", "NonTheater", "NonPoems", "Defective Writings". Do you ask me how it is distinguished of dadaism? It's very easy: dadaism had not a meaning (you take words out of a hat and form sentences), while paradoxism means to interpret in a reverse sense and to take the things contradictorily, in a consequence, a meaning against the common sense.

A surprise for you will be my volume "Dedications" (2000), apropos of the book-object you have mentioned, Mugur. And, if I send you "NonPoems", one cannot say if it is a volume of literature, or one of art – maybe you will make me clear.

Have you seen how the linguists study the etymology of some Romanian words? After old Latin books of "correcting" the Latin spoken on Dacia's territory and used for spelling: the right word is not this one, but the following . . . – paradoxically, just this incorrectly grammatical Latin of that old time became the correct Romanian of present time!

Yes, the paradoxism was developed during the post-modernist period of 1980's, however. I hadn't relations with any post-modernist writer, even I avoided to join them, although I read the books of many of them. As regards paradoxism, I liked not to take into account the "precious indications" of any critic, but to write somehow upside-down, in counter-time. As vanguard it is placed in the line of dadaism, lettrism (I have been in correspondence with a French lettrist, François Lemaître), absurd theater (Ionesco: teaching in Morocco, as a cooperate teacher, I received a few epistles from the playwright, he appreciating my volume "Le sens de non-sens" ["The Sense of the Non-Sense"], which turned inside out the French clichés: from a figurative sense to a proper one!; Beckett, Adamov).

I specified formerly what I did in the artistic creation: I like art because I am not gifted for painting and drawing; I want to create as ugly as possible, as much against the common taste, in an unpolished, tasteless way; I used also the "found art" – taken from the nature in an unaltered state,

as well as Robert Doisneau, the French photographer following in Dubuffet's footsteps, who said 'the spectacular is in the commonplace'!

The prose writer Delia Oprea has visited an exhibition, "Les champs de la sculpture" close to the Champs-Élysées, in Paris, where a female sculptor, Niki de Saint Phalle, exhibited some puppets of six meters, vivid coloured (red, blue, yellow, white) which she named invariably "Nana" (she-fellow, rather ruffianly said). Niki declared: "At the beginning the public found them insulting for women, but it was not that what I wanted. That was, for me, a way to swell my femininity and my freedom, which had been repressed so many years".

I have liked a series of Stefan Balan's wordings in counter-time, contradictorily. Such a short metaphor, an antithetic one, in a few lines, says more than a full page of explanations.

I was talking once with Jack Cowl, professor at UNM, at a "creative writing" program teaching *how to write*, within the Letters and Art Department, who had invited me, in the first months after I came to this university, to speak on European vanguards of Romanian origin: dadaism, lettrism, absurd theater, paradoxism. I told him: Jack, if I follow your course, I do it in order to writw exactly upside-down what you teach us! The writing is to be in our blood.

What attracts me at the American Universities is the fact that you may propose a specific course outside any program and completely created by yourself, on a subject you like, with a bibliography you consider to be proper – I mean: a fully academic independence. And if you have students, all right, if not, the course is cancelled . . . In Romania, around 20 years ago, at least it wasn't anything similar.

The Americans call them "honour courses". And Jack gave me the idea in a restaurant, around a bottle of beer, to propose a course of "mathematical literature" (I had to choose a more specific title), involving also the computers in creation, containing literary experiments and curiosities; even an application of the literature in . . . mathematics . . . ha, ha, ha!

The style without style, for instance, this is a *style* too. Many times when you deny, you sooner affirm, in the sense that you stir up the interest for what deny? Blame.

Mircea has sworn me in face because of my vanguard, that I felt inclined to strike a fist at him and to break the computer interposed between us. It is good when someone gets on your nerves, then spring stars. You have to be provoked in creation. From Peter the Great's will I have learnt that you have to be always in a state of war: a spiritual one, of course. Applied to our case, this happens when we hate cheerfully each other. Otherwise, the nerve disappears. In art the friendship diminishes the egency and lazes the creation – in consequence, I appreciate your harshness against me. It's better that you're enemy to me, but I'm thinking if it's worth losing time with the interview! You will present me in a bad light anyway . . . and, thank God, I have enough enemies (I can give some to other people, for instance, to you – no, thank you, you're answering me, and then, you *assail* on me) who keep me awake with invectives, hold me in play, and that's stimulating. But let's remember the saying: God defend me from my friends, because from my enemies I defend myself!

The more contradictory I am, more paradoxistic I become. Grigurcu said that a controversy writer is more interesting than a flat one. It's better that people swear you than they ignore you: that's mean your ideas are gnawing them, are disturbing them. The original people are detested at first. "If the people praise you and cultivate you, that means you're going on blunt paths" (Sandberg). Have you read about American tribe Navajo's *diné philosophy* concerning the life?

According to Mircea Tuglea I can quote Jean Baudrillard: contradiction does not exist anymore . . . Moreover, there is a tendency to transdisciplinarity in present in present – see also the respective group in Paris, led by B. Nicolescu. The transdisciplinarity is in full swing. See the new fields: bio-physics, bio-chemistry, mathematical physics, psycho-dramaturgy, literary therapy, artistic therapy etc. In other words: any association between a field X and another one Y (and the more antinomic is Y, the more attractive the association is! . . . it's paradoxical, isn't it?), so, the amalgams of any kind surprise nobody. A quotation from the infamous Marx: the extremes touch

one another (communism and fascism, art and science etc.). And then why not talking about geometry and narration for example? Which are not quite diametrically opposed!

In the same modern logics there is also the notion of "paraconsistent set", that is: a set which has common points with its exterior (complement)! [That seems curious and unbelievable, especially for classical logic, but: all is possible, the impossible too].

Then, "dialektist set" {I don't know the Romanian word for the first term, probably there isn't any}: a set equal to its . . . exterior (complement)! Maybe you'll think it's absurd? {From a point of view, yes, from another, no}. The traditionalists (in art, science, literature) won't agree with it, of course. The opposition to new is anticipated.

Within the Russian post-modernism (1980-1990), Mark Lipovetski grasps semantic antithesis (personal – impersonal, memory – oblivion, simulacra – reality, fragmentarity – unity) – he calls these "paralogical ones" [but they are, in fact, pure paradoxism].

Chaos and cosmos join at Joyce, for instance, in "chaosmos" [chaos+cosmos] – and they come again to that mixture in my article about non-Euclidean geometries. That is: chaos and cosmos coexist – otherwise it is not possible, in fact. There is homogeneity within the framework of these polystratified combinations (between geometry and narration too), but also heterogeneity into homogeneity.

And still because I was criticized in an e-mail (about vanguards) because I had mentioned about "the uglifying of the beautiful" through paradoxism I will give an example recently uncovered in the Russian postmodernism: Ilia Kabakov's poetics on garbage.

Yes, you have read correctly, "garbage" – because this represents death: yes, because this represents life: it is the result and the proof of our existence . . . Paradoxism gives an upside-down interpretation (etymologically speaking).

"The mathematical poems" use mathematical concepts in the lyrical creation: algorithms (some conceived on computer), paradoxes (see: "Paradoxist distichs", 1998), tautologies, dualism (from formal logic), decomposition of linguistic clichés, in tracing of expressions etc.

Spanish poet Miguel de Asén uses an "aleatory sonnets" generator, as the computerist Adrian Rezus announces me, which is a MS-DOS program. As regards the automatic creation methods on computer: I have bought once a soft of this kind, which had a data base with aleatory combined English verses and you never obtained the same poem [even on the computer, using the same instructions and inputs]. The idea was simplistic: every verse being semantically a single whole (independently understood with a classical syntax: subject-predicate-complement etc.), the verses could be formed anyhow [without rhythm and and rhyme, of course], because the whole didn't contain nonsense. It was a linear programming, but we we should did something non-linear. The data base be formed of syntagms, metaphors or only obsessive notions. Or more, as well as those in the artificial intelligence: to make evolutive programming, with dynamic operators: a program learns from other one, or (as it's easier in present) it learns from its own experience: that is, you improve the poem on the computer, from stage to stage.

Or a novel with removable leaves, like a cards game: they might be mixed anyhow to obtain a new novel (if you don't like some version).

In drama I have performed (algebraic) permutations of scenes (but within the same act) – a finite combinatory, giving birth to billions and billions of dramas: the play is called "An Upside Down World". The use of mathematics in the artistic creation – studies on these methods accomplished Solomon Marcus ("Mathematical Linguistic", Mathematical Poetics"). At a Mathematical Association of America conference, Joanne Growney led a "mathematical poems" workshop and there we met: recently J. G. has published a review on my "Second International Anthology on Paradoxism" (2000) in the magazine (pay attention to its title): "Humanistics Mathematics Network" (California). But also inversely: the lyricism in math (not strictly, stiffly scientific), in an article in "Mixed Non-Euclidean Geometries . . . But this is an article written in a poetical, interrogative form, starting from a simple remark: combining the present geometries:

Riemann and Lobachevsky-Bolyai (non-Euclidean ones) with Euclid (contradicting Hilbert's axioms). An idea that has occurred to me since I was a schoolboy in Craiova and Râmnicu Vâlcea . . . Because the chaos has its poetic and charm . . .

[The notion may be generalized to "scientific poems" (borrowing methods also from other fields: physics, chemistry etc.), although it looks kind of strange! Camil Petrescu in person asserted that the literature extends through outside methods. (For instance, studying Marin Sorescu's creation certain patterns have been uncovered; and then, with the aid of a computer, of some algorithms, it became possible to create in his style, using his vocabulary as a data base: in particular, his obsessive themes. Of course, I don't refer to pastiching, but to the importance of the discovery and the method in self].

It's true, I had a rather bizarre destiny. My parents, peasants, sent me to a humanistic high school (although I had been remarked at the Olympiads at Mathematics) – they said least I should become a teacher and learned a trade because that one was easy and I much spare time. I left my village for going to school in a town (Craiova – where I felt miserably, and which hate . . . it darkened my teen-age; although I have remained a great kibitzer of University of Craiova soccer team; I follow the scores of its games in the exile magazines).

At Pedagogical High School – now Normal School – I studied the history of art (a compulsory object of study), I played the accordion (compulsory too – although I didn't like), I sang in school's fanfare (I played an instrument with a big bugle, called euphonium – tim tam, tim tam . . . I was accompanying) and choir [the last two ones were optional – but, unfortunately, the music teacher, one named Sorin Benedict, selected/ compelled me telling I had an ear for music; while my classmates were relaxing in the school yard – to my spite!]. It happened around 1969-1972, probably some of you were not even born yet.

But there were also other unlucky fellows, with me, those selected for folk dances and playing groups, and those who joined school's folk music band [that was a consolation for me, as it were].

After a humanist high school I followed a faculty of sciences, and after that I came back to art again. I abolished a field at the first failure and I came to approach the other. And in this one I "distinguished" myself with another failure and I came back to the first love. From failure to failure, I oscillated between art and science. (Ionesco said from failure to failure, with the absurd theater, he came to victory!).

To come back to a question from an e-mail: there is nothing in "Outer-Art", while in Dubuffet's *L'Art Brut* [art-in-the-raw (Fr.)], there can be found some outlines, some forms; no matter they are naives, made by children or psychopaths – but they exist; in fact, the literature of lunatics, in hospitals, shows interest too, see Alain Bouvier, "*Les Fous Littéraires*". I am not doing art, but outer-art, so, as ugly as possible, as unpleasant as possible for the world . . . I apply the axiom: all is art (and nothing is art!), or art is all (and art is nothing). There are some, more or less, young people who think they monopolize the culture, that only their tastes? Ideas do matter – they forget that art, letters are subjective, complex in form and content, multi-stylistic, and the critic, or the poet/ painter/ X is not the hub of the universe, that all people have to write according to his/ her pleasure. Sometimes I propose myself to write against someone's pleasure, for instance Mircea's or Mugur's – no offense, I've been commenting the (outer-)art phenomena. So, I leave my experiments so slipshod, non-artistic as they are! Ionesco said when we did not play anymore, we were spiritually dead.

It is not about "*Fleurs du Mal*" (Baudelaire) or "*Flowers of Mouldiness*" (Arghezi) that meant ugliness's embellish, but about beauty's uglifying.

The manifesto "Ultra-Modernism"? is my outer-artistic creed (as a great non-specialist in art), and the question mark is rather a mark of exclamation! What should be after post-modernism? Eugen Simion proposed post-post-modernism, that sounds somehow redundantly to me, like a double-negation which is cancelled reciprocally. I have mentioned that "Outer-Art" (which means

un-art, no-art, experiment, art outside art) represents the paradoxism in the artistic creation: scrawling, pictorial superpositions, hybrids of paintings+collages, mathematical formulas painted on rough copies etc.

Once, in the bathroom, my nose was bleeding – this is my healthy . . . illness since I was a child; I took a piece of paper not to soil the floor, and the blood was dripping on the sheet; some red streams and spots resulted, as if they were drawn with the brush, and I liked how took a shape images painted with the nose . . . Then I tried to move my nose from a side to another and to trace also other forms, and that calmed me.

I have painted the cycle “Extra-Flowers” with . . . the thread; and when my wife’s nail varnish overthrown and resulted some exquisite little flowers I said: Yes, that’s painting. “What do you speak about, are you crazy”?, she exclaimed.

In this second (outer-)album, I have painted with leaves and grass, because it had been too hard for me to go the book-store after water colours, and at that very time I was in a mood for (outer-)painting – before the hobby was gone!

Now I am in the humour for fractal art, figure in figure . . . and for mathematicalart: have you seen how the curves and the surfaces are represented in 3D? Like some nets of words (subcurves of level) that render the outlines: spatial ideas. Here, Ecker’s optical illusions delight me. But the Work explains itself and sooner it doesn’t explain itself, at least not by the autor, because it demystifies itself, reaches the vulgarity. Do not push me devilishly in sin any more.

At the same time, I’d like you don’t feel forced or compelled to interview me. Especially because Mircea had said that you had nothing to question me about(!). My relations with the Assault (your dam named literary-artistic association!) become tensioned, and this is very good. So, go ahead, Mugur!

M. G.: With all my heart, but because of your answers, I think that only between the lines can be presumed my eyebrows’ motions to your words . . . Yeah, interesting . . . By the way, this must be a word in fashion, of course, I think it is already delivered at the aesthetic lectures, because it is an important gain for speech, the *interesting* . . . There are a lot of things which can’t join today the old categories of the beautiful. So, what have the people thought? Instead of being rude or appearing retrograde, and then people finding that as an attitude without vision, we better shake our head in a diagonal direction – not approval, nor grumbling – and we assert that it’s interesting . . . But, let’s dare to put it bluntly! What means, in fact, the vanguard? If you look attentively to what happens in this world (it’s enough to delay a few days through the workshops of the “young wolves” from around here . . .) you’ll be surprised how many people crowd to “invent” something, anything, a little scandal, or to smash the target, in fact, to enter his own character on a list of contemporary noises with (outer-)cultural airs. . . I have had hundreds of boring conversations with some of them. And their conclusions reduced themselves to “that has been done before”, “that has been known before”. . .

Sometimes you go mad just staying and following everyone’s race to bring something new, a hachure more crooked, a mixture of styles (I call that *necroculture*), technics concepts and. . . almost that’s all. Have you ever thought to the rictus of the other experimentalists when you speak about outerart? Are you sure that programmatically it can be brought something new in art or literature? I don’t want to invalidate your (outer-)artistic approach as a vector of an intimate indisputable experience, as a personal level of consciousness! But how much of your theoretical speech can objectify systematically what you propose. If your gestures, as fruits of a mind unperturbed by a vocational educational system, can be interpreted as authentic ones, uncareeristic ones, you put yourself in the row of Rough Art, even when you said that, in fact, that is a hobby for you. What takes you out of this area is the excess of artistic conscience (you are allowed to smile or to swear. . .).

You’ve made for a system and you’ve assimilated and distorted theories and things! I can imagine, for instance, what punch you would get from one of my friends (I don’t mention names . .

an important person!) who already have filled a garret (and something besides!) with experiments in the manner of those you mentioned, if I told him that he imitated Smarandache's (outer-) art. He wants to feel very sure and original in what he dares to build, and the first punches in face got by these young people, in school, come from those who remind them that this has already been done before, that there is nothing new under the sun. In consequence, nobody stops you from developing your own program of prospecting some new forms of artistic expression and achievement. . . . But when will you be able to stop and thrust the flag saying that new world is yours? Don't you risk to discover again Columbus' egg? In what measure someone is allowed to dare to generate some large concepts as a result of some approaches which, finally, belong to creation's intimacy, to individuality? And who can homologate his approach?

F. S.: I should in a few words to a one-page multi-questionnaire!

The *interesting* is full of approving, disapproving and irresolute gestures – as in the neutrosophic logic: a third form. What is normal, in accordance with life: that is the object of creation is neither white nor black, but shaded. "The work is a living, reinterpretable body" (E. Negrici, "The involuntary expressivity"). It depends on the refraction sphere through which you watch, think, on time, space and other hidden parameters. The trouble involved by invention deserves all care. In fact, this is what a vanguard is supposed to do: to renew in form and/or content. If we live obsessed because "this has been done before", we will annihilate ourselves.

Nihil novi sub sole, then I am not in the game anymore! If there is nothing new under the sun, let's keep hands in pockets! And not create anymore. However, as you wrote to me in an e-mail, it is not enough only the *artistic* or *literary* object, but also its theorization – the "attitude", you have said. You have also to demonstrate with manifestoes, programs, comparisons that you have something special to add to creation's field. And to prove that you are conscious of novelty and to persuade. Then, from that viewpoint, there is no originality. Briefly! Eminescu himself wasn't the first romantic (Holderlin earlier), Ion Barbu took over the hermetism from the West, the postmodernists descended from Beat Generation (1950-1960) (Ginsberg, Cummings etc.) or Gertrude Stein, or from the French *le nouveau roman* (Allain Robbe-Grillet, Marguerite Duras etc.). What, did anyone else excel in Joyce's experiments ("Ulysse", *Finnegans Wake*)?

See also the experiments of the French group oulipo (*Ouvroir Littérature Potentielle* [Raymond Queneau, writer and mathematician: "A hundred of thousands of poems", Jacques Péric: "The disappearance" (a novel in which the writer doesn't use at all the letter "e", the most frequent in French language, and the critics who reviewed the book. . . . didn't even noticed the "disappearance" of that letter!); François Le Lionnais – also mathematician; [Le Lionnais sent me a letter one month or two before his death; at that time I was teaching mathematics in Morocco etc.].

Moreover, I think that nobody is unique (in a certain way), but, at the same time, everyone is unique (in other way: the spirit, the personality are like fingerprints).

In consequence, Eminescu is original in his matchless genius, Barbu brings a fresh air in the Romanian literature and the semiotic poetry of Romanian postmodernists has its proper valences (Emilia Parpala).

It's good if you want to invalidate my speech, because you might succeed in driving me out of my wits, and then I would create with more anger!

When you begin to do vanguard then you run all risks: the insult of a Mircea, the condescension of a Mugur, the ignorance of an Uncle Gheorghe.

Any vanguard shocks provokes repulsion at the beginning, then it is willy-nilly accepted, it turns into tradition in time and ends in commonplace and narrow-mindedness (at a time with its epigonity). If you call someone dadist now, you depreciate him or her. . . .

The literature is enlarged with outer-literary elements, the art outer-artistic elements – which are incorporated and digested. Look at the American Technical Sculpture (strange syntagm.

isn't it?): an Alexander Calder with techno-artistic hybrids – “The White Frame” (1934) built up with wires, wood, paper (!), and an engine – in order to turn it into a *cinétique sculpture*.

Coming from outside you can bring surprising elements rather than staying inside. As at a *brain storm*, where some individuals completely strange with regard to a subject/ project are put to tell their opinion. . . Curiously and very unexpectedly, isn't it? Because the ones from inside the system are corseted with some pre-concepts out of which they can't get out, while the others are free because they don't know them(!). Attention, this method is applied to the science too!

In connection with the *necroculture*, you mentioned: Vasile Conta sustained in his theses that there is a bigger probability that vigorous successors should be born from unrelated crossings, as concerns the biological part. As a result, the extreme mixing of populations, as in a melting pot, transformed America in the most powerful and developed state. I think that his theses can be extended also to the literary, artistic, scientific fields.

What I want to demonstrate: the intrusion of an outer-painter and outer-drawer like me, who has never liked to paint or to draw, can bring other kind of elements in art – in comparison to a formed artist like you. Sometime perhaps you'd become a “great artist”, and me, a “great outer-artist”, okay dock?

My advantage is that I am not gifted for painting and neither for art criticism, that's why my art becomes more striking (to be read “worst” in a positive sense, more outer-art) than that one of your fellow. When I begin to do something, it results something else. The painting, for which I am not gifted, and recently the photo (I refer to the experimental one and to the collages in addition) intrigues me, stirs me up. As for me I haven't had and I won't ever have any exhibition. . . Then it happens that some questions simultaneously too.

If Gerome K. Gerome, with his British humour, published “The art of how not to write a novel”, let's extend it to *the art of how not to do art*, that represents the *Outer-Art*. In a clear essay (“Biography of the idea of literature”), lucidly flowing and attracting to lecture, published on the first page of the Craiovan “Mozaicul” journal, Adrian Marino talked about “aliterature”, “nonliterature” and “antiliterature”: “On the one hand nothing is literature. On the other hand all is or can be literature. The notion of literary genre disappears”. [I don't agree with him that the nonliterature is impossible]. While Serban Andronescu has called them “contraculture”. I prognosticate that these ones will become, in time, forms of literature (the interior assumes its exterior).

You can't say that I have assumed theories and things which didn't belong to me but, on the contrary, I have gone upside down: I have contradicted theories and things which worried my brains. When the majority followed a (political, social, artistic) norm, I was exploring the reverse one. *{Don't go with the crowd}*. Because I have lived in the communist epoch and I have been very attentive to anything that seemed officially. Where is that critic, with a Herder stipend, who advise me how to write, because I should be infinitely pleased to express myself in the opposite sense (I remember that Raducanu, the country's soccer goal-keeper, before the World Cup in Mexico, in 1970, had declared that he wished to feint as the Brazilian player Pele).

I read with interest *how to* books, concerning the writing, yet not to follow them but to experience exactly the opposite. I've done the same with literary and artistic schools. And I've forgotten the limits and I've crossed the threshold to mathematics, and recently to physics – bringing others' contempt upon myself(!).

However I have wanted a positive denying, not a destruction by all means, as is the case with dadaism and lettrism. At the same time, I have liked to put face to face cultivated men (and science men, physicists, for instance – where are many contradictory hypotheses) with opposed ideas (especially that everyone “demonstrated” that he was right; and, really, all were right and wrong at the same time!), a kind of *philosophia perennis*. I have also an article which is to be published, called: “Neutrosophy, a New Branch of Philosophy”.

PARADOXISM (the upside down writing, the writing outside writing; the upside down art, the art outside art) would be like a right-handed person who writes with the left hand, or like a painter who can't control the brush. Unlike the other movements which are dead, paradoxism will last for ever under different forms, because it is in man and in nature: there will always be proceedings, methods, styles, aphorisms, metaphors, *opposite theories simultaneously true*.

And what do you want from me: to begin to walk upright in art just now? At the beginning I begged you with fine arts until you made me to beg you with ugly arts. We don't live in the Victorian era. It is a fashion in outer-art a un-pictorialization, a un-sculpturalization, and in literature an un-literaturalization – so far as the alienation of the artistic and of the literary from other epistemological fields. I do not accept to write a plenty of repetitive books (I mean in the same style), as Mihai Beniuc for instance (excepting his "Apple Beside the Road").

But let me ask you now: after dadaism, what was the use of lettrism? The first made destruction at the level of words, the other at the level of phonemes/ letters. To what use Ionesco's Absurd Theater – hasn't it been a form of dadaism? Or to what use Arrabal's Cruel Theater (where alive geese are cut? Killed for real on the stage! – what would have said those with animals rights from America? Or the manifestoes of Ozenfant (painter) and Le Corbusier (architect) in 1918: they tried to separate from Cubism in the so-called "Purism". Why? Because they had been bored with the same style, they had exhausted the inspiration sources. We won't eat stewed beans or post-modernism for ever!

What, nobody had done dadaism before Tzara, Marcel Iancu, Hugo Ball, Richard Huelsenbeck, Jean (Hans) Arp, Hans Richter? Incongruent texts have been from the Middle Age, but they hadn't been given a conscious destructive, anti interpretation.

Haven't been naturalist writings before Zola? (At least in the private, unpublished correspondence of anonymous people).

The object of art or literature had been in various forms before the initiators, but not its theorization or its awareness. Maybe for this reason Van Gogh becomes more intriguing: his letters toward his brother Theo are devastating, but they became part of the theory: "I am trying to exaggerate the main point and to let the rest vaguely"; "instead of reproducing exactly what I can see in front of my eyes, I use the colours rather arbitrarily".

The movements are done through the theorization of some critics or of the artists/ writers themselves. Otherwise they could pass not aware by public. Look, in the Romanian literature there is the School from Târgoviste (M. H. Simionescu, Radu Petrescu, Costache Olareanu, Tudor Popa etc.); I don't consider they consider they are so different from others, but there are someones who have "demonstrated" it (I. Buzera etc.). . .

The impressionism (1863) resulted from a deviation of the realism (see Manet, who had exhibited to "The Refused Ones Hall"); diminishing of clearness, dimming of image and outlines (Renoir, Monet, Pissaro, Bazille, Sisley). At the beginning it wasn't too distinguished of the realism and the first impressionists didn't even know they were doing impressionism! Who named them? A critic (Louis Leroy)!

The gradual disappearance of form (Seurat, Cézanne, Signac) gave to post-impressionism. Who named it? A critic again (Roger Fry)!

Then the artists muttered to themselves: let's work to the content too, to find new principles of synthesizing. And they set up the symbolism (Moreau, Chavannes, Redon, Gauguin).

Many vanguards have been imposed through a scandal – because they opposed themselves to the old artistic order. A movement appeared as a reaction against another: "Only the one who renews remains true". (Nietzsche).

Pascin, a Bulgarian painter, committed suicide (1930) just in the opening day of a great exhibition of himself – so the artists try the impossible, they often make desperate gestures to be taken into account.

Van Gogh cut his ear and sent it in an envelope to his fiancée, because she affirmed that she admired most of all at him was his ear!

And to semi-paraphrase Brassai, a Hungarian photographer from Transilvania, I say "I am trying to invent and to imagine the impossible in art", okay?

Ever since 1980, together with the paradoxism, I have been interested in the movements/vanguards in literature and art. There are many "ism"s. Some of them less striking – maybe that's why unknown, or maybe because of the non-international place of their manifestation (that is to meet Ara Ghemigian's approval). I have always tried to see the difference between movements/vanguards and what exactly produces the turn in the artistic world (excepting the vanity of creators!).

For instance, in 1993 I was invited to conference on paradoxism in Brazil (I liked the exotism of this country, its strange fruits; I also met the Romanian ambassador, who approached me "hey, Oltenian! . . ."), and there I took knowledge of Brazilians' experiments.

Some vanguards and denominations appear accidentally, having even an improper name. Others serve for propaganda [I am kind of irritated also by the plenty of Western names (or launched because of the West) in art]. If you do something in New York it is heard louder than from Bucharest, and analogically, from Bucharest it is heard louder than from Râmnicu Vâlcea! However an artistic policentrism begins to be felt – and this is everyone's chance, and Electronic Art gives hopes to everybody (but a selection intervenes also here: the computerists are favoured). In States the software engineer job is considered the most popular, appreciated and well-paid.

Old people are refractory to Electronic Art – someones seem afraid to touch a computer!, but young people are attracted by it. In consequence Electronic Art is the future. Ask the consecrated writers/ artists older than 50 from Romania. They haven't got even an e-mail account! They will speak you contemptuously about informatics – for instance, that it diminishes the artistic, vulgarizing it, [Look how the science, the technology influence everything: society, communications]. I think that new supports for art and literature will influence the creation (now in fashion is the electronic support).

The border among the literary currents is not clear. A cubism with its angular forms a little moderated is called purism. Moreover, between cubism and futurism was the cubo-futurism has been formed. Or another: the fovismo-cubism (Delauney).

Non idem est si duo dicunt idem = many times something smells of a fly, but in fact, sounds like cheese! What big difference between Miro's organic surrealism and Picasso's residues?

Around 60's Yves Klein organized an exhibition called "le vide" (the Americans translated with "nothingness"). In addition, Yves manner to paint bluish "antropometrics" on rolled nudes.

In America, the vanguard is considered "underground". Hugh Fox published recently 34 vanguard writers in "The Living Anthology: A prose Anthology", 2000, in which he considers that those writers have been marginalized. I have shared experiences with American vanguardists as Stanley Berne (he sent me with dedication his prose volume "At One with Birds") and Arlene Zekovsky (she published in 1999 a book called "Against the disappearance of the literature") from Santa Fe.

I avow I agree the kitsch, because in the discussions groups [Latent_Nadir] and [Photomagazine] on internet, where you are "listmen" (a new, funny and ridiculous word for me), everybody manifested against it – and I like to oppose the majority; and the sterile beauty too. The difference between the artistic and the non-artistic is ambiguous, vague. Moreover, as regards the contemporary art, we can say that "it exists but is completely missing"! I don't want to respect Cézanne's Spatial Objects Theory, nor Chevreul's Theory of Colours.

Let's generalize Mincu's words you have mentioned, "poetry is the most difficult to write because it is the easiest to be written", to: "painting is easy done by the one who doesn't know to paint" – and this is me (!).

The mutated ones and the mutant ones will always be in letters, art, science (here I refer to modern logics: intuitionistic, paraconsistent, fuzzy, neutrosophic). Towards the end of the 19th century it seemed that everything had been discovered in physics – it remained some little gap only to be filled here and there. But at the same time with the discovery of the atomic microcosm, quantum physics, many classical principles have been overthrown and a new research field has been opened. The determinism has been refuted – see Brownian movement etc. The scientific traditionalism has been thoroughly shaken.

What do you think about the Romanian folk songs interpreted with English texts? Discussing with the friend Serban Nereju (Necula). In the political refugee camp of Istanbul, he found the idea very smart and, after he emigrated to Australia, he applied it and brought out a CD, broadcasted by a radio station in Sydney.

Watching Columbus' egg: yes, but it does matter who has the courage or the madness to expose "Smarandache's outer-art" (through definitions (genus proximus + specific distinction) theories, manifestoes, delimitation from other vanguards; beside the artistic object – and necessarily many examples). And I assumed this risk. Many people will say: {such a thing we have been able to do ourselves too. . . But why haven't you done?! Dear Sirs, I am sending a vanguard, but don't be angry with me again.

Have you ever thought to paint, to photo, to sculpture the subconscious?

And because you haven't entitled the interview "A (Dare-)Devil of an Oltenian!", as I have afraid of, but "A New Cultural (Dis)Order, let's see what the economists say about (dis)order/ (dis)equilibrium:

- Leon Walras speaks about a "stable equilibrium" (he certainly doesn't stick in the mud in economics like me in humanistic) – but we dare to transpose his concept in the world of arts and letters;

- Keynes describes "an economy of the disequilibrium" – we replace "economy" with "art/literature";

- Anghel Rugina introduces an Orientation Table, through which he affirms that an economic (but it can be an artistic one too) system has a percentage of equilibrium and another of disequilibrium;

Let's carry on, considering "the system is neutrosophic", that is it has a percentage of *equilibrium*, one of *disequilibrium*, and another of *indeterminacy*.

Something like this happens in the art/ literature: an artistic/ literary movement is like a system, stable at the beginning. Then it loses its balance – internal and external factors "help" – that is the artists/ writers become heretics and desert the movement, And this movement is replaced with another, in which influences can be felt from the previous one. But there will be for ever manifestations PRO and AGAINST that movement (for instance, referring to outer-art). And this is Rugina's Table. More general, like to the vote: there will be, beside these manifestations, indifferent attitudes (NEUTRAL) and I gave examples in neutrosophic logic which Mircea can't abide.

M. G.: I have taken very seriously what you have told above about that "drawing with blood", as funny would be that story on its whole.

This is completely true. And it is not funny at all. . . My wife is witness; she told that I have my period. . . through the nose! My older son, Mihai, a student now at the University of Arizona, has the same sensibility – unfortunately. . . Then, that blood is flowing almost daily, sometimes twice a day, for instance, when someone makes me nervous or a thing obsesses me at the most – that's the way my organism discharges itself. I went to the doctor for countless times: in Romania, in Morocco – where I taught mathematics in French as a co-operation teacher, then in America. Everybody said I was okay! They cauterized me (burned my veins in the nostrils), operated upon me (in vain) as if I have had maxillary sinusitis, my mother wept – I am her only child – until doctor Grigorescu from Districtual Hospital in Craiova told her the haemorrhage had

a nervous cause. After that he added to my mother. . . "That's better, because if the blood flew inside the boy would have complications, he could even dye" – I was a student in the first or second year at that time; I had been put in hospital for two weeks. So this is the way I relieve/discharge myself. . .

Emigrated in America, I went also here to different doctors. Everybody. . . I am in good health. But, dear sirs I retorted, then why my nose is bleeding so often, sometimes it gushes without even touching it.

Some affirmed I had too much blood, another doctor told me again. . . it's all right. And do you know why/ Because the blood renews by itself – the organism has always to replace the old blood with the new one (I don't need to exchange my blood – as people said about Gica Petrescu, the singer), that's why I'm looking younger: at over 40 like someone of about 30. So, no great loss without some small gain. And, taking the paper under my nose not to flow on the carpet and wash bowl, what then came to my mind: let turn my defect into a virtue. The painting with blood. I didn't paint with my blood in a metaphoric sense – as the ardent poets so-called patriots recite – but in a proper, real sense. Do you understand? Blood, blood. . .

M. G.: Well, but this is not just what I said. In a meeting of the Tuesday Literary Circle, Marin Mincu had Interpellated a young "poetess" who shaped plentifully sterile beauty with the frases: "Young girl, to write poetry is maybe the hardest thing in the world! Just because it seems so simple"! I don't know if this is a good example. It's hard to quote Marin Mincu in his absence, maybe because his presence can't be recovered in words. The words reflect in a too little measure the highness of the mouth that generated them – and I feel obliged to emphasize this sweet misinterpretation. . . You try to embezzle in a "paradoxist" way the coin with Caesar's figure. It has come out pitch and you say it's toss. Let's render to Brutus the things that are Brutus. Leonardo wrote in his treatise of painting that the artist didn't have to fear of mob's opinion, because although they were a few those who could "lay" a successful image on canvas, anyone could appreciate if a nose was rightly proportioned or if the artist laid it senselessly on face. (Also he didn't say that painting is as easy as "reading" an image. . .). But that takes of a well determined context, the exact height of a mouth! I doubt it's worthy to seek here the navel of a paradoxist axiom. . . (I am even ill-disposed having the stupid role of the one who comes with the rubber in hands!) So, on the one hand, the "outer-art" is the whole space described outside the present borders of the (official) art. I don't know why do you place here also some territories already conceptually annexed, almost canonized. . . Well. . . A slice from that map it has already been due to the rough art, for instance. . . But if the (outer)art is everywhere, the (outer)artist is only the owner of a particular level of consciousness. Isn't he? When Dubuffet extended the border, he exalted the rough (in-raw) art exactly for the characters with an unconsolidated, uninstitutionalized level of conscience, unperturbed with theories and concepts. . . First of all you introduce the democratic algorithm: "all is art, the outer-art too" (reminding of that famous play on ideas – "*you don't believe in God, so the atheism is your religion*") – but that only for introducing in "the high society" an outsider. The introducing being done, your guest remains on the threshold staring at those from inside: "*From the point I am standing, it seems to me that you are the ones from outside!*". . . " In fact, as much as the people were moved around you, the threshold you are talking about could not be crossed, because it is traced by your own character, it moves together with him! You are the only one who venture to deny or to annex, at his own will, to decide what stay in the left side and what in the right side. In that case, the paradox is applied only to one person, it can't be objectified! When I am in the underground and I hear the next stop is on the left, at that moment I might stay with the back to the sense of movement and I believed something interesting as a peripheral, casual experience. . . , even as a sophism, but it will never be one with the path, it won't embezzle the real co-ordinates of the system where it evolves, because the platform won't move every time I think right to turn round in the train. As simple will be to try contradict alone programatically all that means artistic *know-how*. Naturally you would



**Painting with my own blood
From my daily bleeding nose**

come in time to an absolute weakening of the conscience of your cultural co-ordinates, as inside and outside are the same. That you try to turn visible a character, that's understandable. But as a system – you preach the intangible! What can be fresh in that story? Only a personal contribution of an ontological tension, a kind of a romantic punk hair-dressed hero . . . Otherwise, if you lose sight that the only axiological reference point you propose is your own character (with his terrible damage . . .) – could you estimate emphatically how such a system could be applied beyond the will and the border it traced in the system? Because, as well as the other players in the cultural system, you'll be a victim of your own tastes and objections – what constitute the flavour of the elementary individuation . . . Recently, for instance, you have told me that Marius Ianus didn't write poetry but made decorative noises, What means, in the same context, "to do poetry"? Do you agree to apply your axiom on a large area or only contextual? Let's suppose that Marius Ianus refuses to write "worship", flattering poetry, so that different social categories expectorate him somewhere, "outside". . . And so he practices a (non)writing . . . Maybe he doesn't even know how to write a poem! But who knows, in fact, how to write poetry? How can you grow so that you be placed permanently into the perfect co-ordinates – *inside*, *outside* or on the border? Does your system propose an axiology, can it note such a performance? Who can homologate that performance? (The fulcrum, it was agreed once, should be outside in order to overthrow the Earth . . .) What value system do you apply when you judge the (outer)cultural deeds of the others? I insist in asking you – who and how operates that system, how the other kind of speeches are invalidated in relation with it and why?

Returning now to the story at the beginning . . . The majority of us have the vice of orallity, and sometimes of (in)cult chatter . . . Sometimes we read with the same frivolity we chatter. And we can move this frivolity in signs' area to reach the ties bantered by Mr. Mincu's phrase. In this way we reach also the "sterile beauty" . . . As in the first classes of school, when we begin to play with little sticks, we mix semiotics and significant with the calligraphy . . . In time, the desire to "write properly" can easily flood the significant only out of our unmeasured ambition to leave the marks of our funny passing through a recognizable decor. Here throne cheerfully the lyricists or the poetesses we have talked about earlier . . . Around here roves jovially, in a party-minded manner or even arrogantly, the Kitsch itself, that you evoked with fun earlier . . . But these vices have already been exploited industriously by a number of revolved movements that created noisy paths through this undermined area . . . Do you think it's still funny, beyond the individual prospection, the "industrial" reinvention and implementation of such a system? (I mention arbitrarily a few names of the mid of the last century, J Chamberlain in USA, Cesar in France or the Independent Group in London – with Richard Hamilton on the top of the stick . . . They also haven't got cool yet. Do you think the world is so eager to see cloned and renamed so soon its little terrors? A rhetoric question in a rhetoric question' pot . . . It won't be even noticed . . .). So, many of vanguard's deeds, once finished, are no more . . . vanguard. They left victims and epigones, but it's evident they can't recognize the past intensity, that is not at a level of kit, of cultural system . . . These are adjudicated, paraphrased, consumed histories . . . I remember when I was about 14, when I hadn't even caught to blunt the Flaro pen with my first texts somehow more valuable, I had begun to scrape up "neo(necro)vanguardist" manifestoes on the solemnly at random writing and the praising up to the skies of some dadaisto-renascentist nonsense's! Later I found that, beyond the personal traumatism of assuming an obscure mission "on the front" of a humanistic area, there were as many individualities who followed their own reflexes, after some indecipherable, unique patterns. Is there any sense trying to spiritually annex some continents so distant, by manipulating some maps whose present interest is so doubtfully? . . . The picaresque character you propose has colour, blood and muscles. How it will look like when you succeed in cloning it? It will result an army, a regiment, a phalanx?

F. S.: I have to come with pluri-answers now and to take it easy, alike Dolanescu . . . What else could I retort to an essay than another essay? We rely on standards in order to understand each

other, we live in a world of conventionalism. When you affirm that it has come out pitch and you say it's toss", it depends on the viewpoint you look from. If you look from above: it's pitch, but if I bent a little and I look from below: it's toss. Why shouldn't we analyse from all the viewpoints, artistic ones or non? As in the case of jazz music: at every hearing/feeling it appears differently; or as in the case of *comedia del arte*, even if involved in improvisations.

Not all vanguards have a destructive character: Pop Art, for instance, based on advertising, collages, commercials; and the Outer Art really tries to transform in art its exterior, taking what it is neither ugly nor beautiful – the neutro-artistic.

By denying, paradoxism does not destroy but explores the reverse side. Hadn't Voltaire affirmed the laws in art had been made to be infringed? As concerns the actuality, doubtful or not: it's true that in dictatorship time it had more adherence, although the manifesto had been orally delivered – because I haven't been allowed to publish almost anything (even mathematics the School Inspectorate Dolj had interdicted me in its reviews) – that's the very reason I . . . "Escaped . . . /The Refugee Camp Diary" to Turkey. The socio-political background has implied the paradoxist form. Look at some simplified ideas, not to Mircea's taste:

The Paradoxism started as an antitotalitarian protest against a closed society. Romania of 1980 years, where the whole culture was manipulated by a single group. Only their ideas mattered. We, the other ones, could not publish almost anything.

Let's write . . . without writing anything. How? Simply:

The literature-object. "A bird's flight", for instance, represented "a natural poem", which didn't need to be written, being more touchable and perceptible than some signs laid on a paper, which, in fact, would have constituted an "artificial poem": deformed, resulted through a translation of the observed

by the observant, and any translation falsified in a certain measure.

'The cars rattling on the streets' was a "urban poem", the peasants mowing' a "disseminationst poem", the 'open-eyes dream' a "surrealist poem", 'the nonsense talking' – a "dadaist poem", 'the conversation in Chinese for an unknown of that language' – "lettrist poem", 'travelers' alternating discussions, in a station, on varied subjects' – a "postmodernist poem" (inter-textualism). Avertically classification? "Visual poem", "sonorous poem", "olfactive poem", "gustative poem", "tactile poem".

Another classification, diagonally: "phenomenon (of nature) poem", "mood poem", "object/ thing poem". Analogous in painting, sculpture – in nature all were in readiness.

In consequence, we did a silent protest!

Later on, I based upon contradictions. Why? Because I was living a double life in that society: an official one – preached by the political system and another one real. Mass media promulgated 'our life was wonderful', but actually 'our life was miserable'. The paradox in bloom! And then I turned the creation into derision, in reverse senses, syncretically.

So the Paradoxism was born. The popular jokes, in big fashion in Ceausescu 'Epoch', as an intellectual breath, were some splendid inspiration sources.

The "Non" and the "Anti" from my paradoxist manifestoes have a creative character, not at all a "nihilistic" one (C. M. Popa).

The transition from paradoxes to paradoxism was described in a very well documented way by Titu Popescu in a classical book on the movement:

"The aesthetics of paradoxism" (1994, 2001, 2002);

<http://www.Gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/Aesthetics.pdf>. While Ion Soare, I.

Rotaru, M. Barbu, M. N. Rusu, Gh. Niculescu studied the paradoxism in my literary work. N. Manolescu expressed himself (about a volume of verses of mine) that it was like going "against the hair".

It wasn't no precursor to influenced me, but I drew my inspiration From the upside-down situation in the country. I started from the politic, the social and I arrived to literature, art, philosophy and even science. Through experiments based on contradictions, new terms were brought in literature, art, philosophy, science, even new proceedings, methods, algorithms of creation. In one of my manifestoes, I had proposed the embezzlement of sense, from figurative to proper, counter-sense interpretations of the linguistic expressions and clichés etc.

Similarly in outer-art, we may consider the *natural art*: 'a bird's flight' is a canvas for an instance, 'the cars rattling on the streets' can also represent a natural painting on our retina etc.

Vanguards result also through the inversion of the axiological criteria. What about changing the norm in the theory of (aesthetic) measure? You have to be acquainted with what is not written and what is not done in art – in order to occupy that vacant land, to fallow it . . . Look, the seeking for a new transmission support for literature, art, culture. At present the electronic one is in vogue: isn't it smelled in closeness even an electronic/digital art? [a strange community of terms].

We use the e-mail, e-group, e-club, e-book, e-library.

In the ancient tragedy, in the detective novels, the plot, the mystery prevailed; then Becket came with "En attendant Godot" [Waiting for Godot], and no plot existed anymore, and the spectator of his drama was bored to death.

Culture repeats itself, as well as life, but at a superior, different level. What do you say about the (kinetic) painting with little engine and videotape? Georges Pompidou Cultural Center in Paris (architects: Richard Rogers and Renzo Piano) looks like an upside-down Bauhaus, that I visited in the summer of 1992), having the aspect of an . . . oil distillery! Some French artists were indignant of that cheeky immixture of technique in art. The "Bauhaus" was a German movement of joining science and art in architecture. Marinetti rejected the past, exalting the machine (1909-1910). Umberto Boccioni, in his futurism, tried to express the new sense of space-time given by Minkowsky and Einstein from physics in painting: "The dynamism of a cyclist" (1913). The architects are scientists: Heleman Ferguson's sculptures are composed of geometric forms, among them: Möbius bands, torsos – implemented on graphical computers according to mathematical formulas and algorithms.

The Greek-French engineer and architect Yanis Xenakis, born in Braila, composed in Paris vanguard music (wordless voices; in "Metastasis" a plane taking its flight can be heard!; other compositions follow the Law of Big Numbers by Poisson), using rules from physical sciences, in consequence, accused that he had written insensitive music. Extravagantly. Others, through simple methods – as the repetition (Reich, Gorecki) come to special effects.

There will be for ever vanguards; otherwise art, letters would dye . . . Old experiments will come back with the prefix neo- as in a spiral (neo-dada, neo-impressionism, neo-expressionism, neo- . . .). Romanticism, neoromanticism, classicism, neoclassicism, realism, neorealism, paradoxism now, neoparadoxism, tomorrow, outerart, neo-outerart. Culture repeats itself, compared with science, that increases exponentially. Fortunately, science influences culture, giving in new supports, new methods, creation instruments one can say. In consequence, the culture does not repeat itself.

Do you really think the new will disappear? Or through the combination of the previous vanguards, as well as *Fluxus* – especially in the scenic representation, which meant through 1960 in USA: a part of Dada, a part of Bauhaus and a part of Zen, relying on spontaneity, minimality, maybe some tricks that even wounded the actors. Among such artists. I mention the Japanese Yoko Ono, famous Beatles' leader John Lennon's widow.

There are also some movements less known: Colour Field Painting, Action Paint, Informal Art (that doesn't mean formless art), Conceptual Art (the idea has the precedence, not the object, in visual). The Conceptual Art appeared through 1963 and was recognized in 1970 with an exhibition in New York, suggestively named "Information". Smaller transformations, bigger transformations . . .

Anyway I am not an artist (but an outerartist) and I am not gifted for painting and I had to accumulate material again for the unfinished interview with these worthies Mugur – photo magazine reporter or editor – and Mircea "Herder".

Its outstanding feature was "objective art's dematerialization", in the sense that 'object' was replaced by 'idea' as regards the importance. That was an anti-formalist current – according to the critic Lucy Lippard. Thus Joseph Kosuth posted a painting made up only of letters, nothing drawn, painted or photographed: "The art as Idea as Idea", 1966, on which he had copied from the dictionary the definition of the English word "painting" (and its connotations). Moreover: he declared the whole art was conceptual in nature, because the art existed but in function of the concepts (attitudes, visions, ideas). Conceptual Art came from Minimalist Sculpture [Sol Le Witt, who affirmed: the idea is the engine that generates the art – in the sense that after you had the idea (= the plan/project/decision) of realizing an artistic object, its carrying out becomes mechanical, a routine], and in photography Conceptual Art presented posters and advertisement – in consequence, it transmitted 'information'. Other representatives: Daniel Buren, Lawrence Weiner, Robert Barry.

Certainly, as in any other vanguard, including even paradoxism and outerart, it has been a need that the artistic world become aware of that new style or spirit in creation, named Conceptual Art, through essays and manifestoes written by critics or artists (or writers in other cases).

Conceptual Art appeared before the so-called "postmodernism" – in fact an ambiguous notion, disputed by some critics, considering it has been initiated in '80 (etymologically postmodernism would mean "after modernism", but each epoch has its own modernism, contemporary with it, in consequence postmodernism related to an epoch became modernism related to another epoch!).

I think 'postmodernism' is swollen with anything that is considered considered 'experiment' and in particular with 'intertextuality' and 'transdisciplinarity' – but these matters appear as far as Baudelaire, the poet (he called them "eclectism").

Marcel Duchamp, through his "ready made" objects, influenced Junk Sculpture's coming out (from unusable waste . . . objects of art!).

The baroquists bedizened the art with all kind of flowerets, the suprematists reduced it to a few elements (some lines, two colours, simplicity – see "The rectangles", which haven't been too rectangles, of a Malevich).

John Cage, with whom I had the honour to exchange some epistles, an American experimentalist musician, composed once in a concert a . . . silent song! When the title of his song was announced, that was "4'30" (= four minutes and thirty seconds), nothing was sung in that while. The audience was upset waiting for the song to "start"... But the fuss and the noises of the audience made up themselves... the song! The slanderous tongues commented that it was his best composition (!)

Being a political refugee in the Turkish concentration camp, together with a great number of sailors from Constanta, your town, who jumped in Bosfor, I participated to a symphonic concert

given by L'Institut d'Etudes Français d'Istanbul. There, a Japanese singer, emigrated in France, instead of playing on the strings beat somehow primitively on instrument's wood.

Artistic crises play their part and we owe them the progress to come out. If there wasn't a precipice, the mountain wouldn't be noticed. Nothing is constant or static but the change. Inevitably! In consequence: no great loss without some small gain!

That charge "it has been done before", you can throw easily upon anyone. It becomes even a prejudice. Does there exist someone to "completely" be original? Come on!

To be more clear (or, on the contrary, more confuse) the difference between L'Art Brut (*Art-in-the-Raw*) (1945) and *OuterArt* (1990):

a) Art-in-the-Raw was made **out of heart**. Although by children and lunatics who did it awkwardly, so that it looked like raw, unripe, frenetic, in a word, rough;

OuterArt is made **out of routine**, an object which didn't have an "artistic" aim at the beginning and which belonged to some fields outside the art:

b) In Art-in-the-Raw it was tried to **expressed the beautiful** – although represented at an amateur elementary level, everyone how knew to do it better; in *Outer Art* **it's expressed the ugliness** as it is and the beautiful is uglified; at the same time **the neuter** is revealed (a notion between beautiful and ugly).

c) Art-in-the raw **deliberate**; *Outer Art* is **casual**.

d) Art-in-the-Raw was used as **a release of the subconscious**, especially for lunatics, as a therapy (see for instance: psycho-dramaturgy, psycho-art, psycho-literature); in that way the psychiatrists could study patients' obsessions (even children's, often in the impossibility to express what made them anxious), trying to diminish them, in consequence a method of treatment; *OuterArt* **uses the conscious**, is planned, organized, directed to the real life.

e) The essential difference is that however Art-in-the-Raw is **with intention**, in the sense that the subjects drew and painted being conscious of their action; *OuterArt* is **without intention**, for instance: in "Outer-Art" the 'non-drawings' (vol. 1, pp. 92-96), the 'anti-drawings/sketches' (vol. 1, pp. 108-114) at the beginning they were but some simple drafts in my rough notebook of daily duties, without any relation with the art. Only later, looking through the drafts to see what duties had left (shopping, attempts to demonstrate some mathematical theorems for some researching articles, necessary car repairs, new soft to be learn and load on computer, telephone calls, bill payments, addresses of some friends) I found out to my surprise that some pages had a particular form- the lines that cut the already done duties looked joyfully like some drawings, the question marks (unsolved problems) harmed the sight... I could take them as compositions of... 'modern art'. Today everything 'special' is called 'modern'! Saltier than salt (?) Or 'scratching' (in the proper sense!), especially from the second part, called also "ante-art" (attention, not 'anti') or "post-art", <Scribbling> [vol. 1, pp. 57-87] resulted from the same rough notebook, on which I had cleaned my brush, on the pages with mathematical formulas or casual notes, without me giving them any interpretation at the beginning. They were pure and simple rubbish. I have thrown away many of these drafts. It never had stricken to me initially that I could have given them an (outer) artistic connotation!

Unlike Junk Sculpture or Assembly, which mixed disgusting wastes in a pleasant whole, *OuterSculpture* presents the garbage as garbage, of course! Columbus's egg again!

"Decorative" *OuterPainting* is graffiti made with spray on buildings, fences, or passages walls, especially in California, by children and teenagers from passages to laugh or to mock - maybe a form of social protest.

Beyond philosophers there is philosophy, beyond artists (like you) there is art (an outer-artistic one done by me and others without realizing!) – to quote me with much ... modesty.

Someone did vanguard for vanguard's sake, perhaps out of vanity. Haven't you inferred the political side of paradoxism? Such I felt at that time, paradoxism was born alone, nothing forced, everything followed organically: in protest and split personality. You didn't feel the dictatorship, but a faint scent, you were downy at that time, that's why you don't understand us, the old men. For me it was a breath, as well as the political jokes since then which now are no more in great demand and lost the flavour from those times. When you forbid something, the forbidden becomes sweeter, more mysterious and, paradoxically, it begins to be interesting, attractive.

Sometimes you take the things too mot-a-mot. The systems in art are like some amoebas: without some fixed forms, but changeable.

Of course, we all are subjective, controlled by feelings, the gypsy defends his hammer. All is doubtful in the final.

Around someone promoted from the center it is made a big noise – that's why I'm looking skeptically to the Romanian cultural centralism (a communist legacy?) ...

The present non-poetry may signify the future poetry.

Do you refer to "the only reference point you propose is your character", but didn't Dubuffet formed alone a movement (called "art-in-the-raw")? In the Parisian collection that began in 1945 the others were some anonymous. However you haven't seen the paradoxist anthologies. In the second one are included, let's say, the "lyricists" (instead of outer-poets or experimentalists), 100 literary men from the globe, with writings in different languages and in the third one, around 40 (with paradoxist distichs, even in Chinese!).

The refusal is a part of art, it's more plastic, more urging and more attractive than agreement. The refusal is more artistic than agreement.

John Chamberlaine is the representative of Buildings and Assembling Art, where one can't know if the result is a sculpture or anything else! With dismembered parts from a car (the science and technic again) it is reassembled an 'object' (from useless wastes, objects of art somehow useful; the new is formed out of the old). That method is like Junk Sculpture [another example of the impossibility of borders in art – therefore the necessity of the abuse of public conscious as regards the (non)artistic one]. He joins various materials (metal, rope, wood etc.). Rauschemberg, for instance, even combined the painting (a picture) with the assembling (a cushion, a pedestal and a support of wood), "Odalisc", 1955-8.

Or Louise Nevelson, categorized *assemblist* (in wood), but *environmentalist* too (Environmental Art).

Using pure harmonious colours, independent of nature, Robert and Sonia Delaunay have formed a movement they called "orphism", while the same movement the Americans Stanton Macdonald-Wright and Morgan Russel called "synchronism"!

Let's take Earth Art, a sculpture of the environment, that is at a mega level (dimension of a few miles) compared to the previous sculpture, limited in space. And that Earth Art became possible owing to science and technology too (machinery that allowed these buildings) - "Unloading dock in spiral" by Robert Smithson, from 1970, which is 457.2 meters long, in Great Salt Lake, Utah. There we have to remind the Bulgarian Christo (Javacheff) become known for trying to cover/pack up (only temporary, as much as it was possible) some small islands with

festive decorative tissues (or at least in intention, in project). Only two representatives we find there as well – so not the number of persons involved in a creation style dictates the value.

As about Richard Hamilton, he belongs to Pop Art (1950), the commercial culture, resulted from collages based on advertisements, interfered with nudes, satires, illustrations, photos with personalities of the day, cartoons from the Anglo-Saxon space – Marcel Duchamp's successor.

No one from above is close to Outer Art.

Rococo Art is in fact a late baroque in the decorative arts.

I read Mircea Tuglea's volume "P(r)oezia" (1996) – I was very curious and incited by the title moreover that Herr Tug(u)lea is more reserved (he learned this from the Germans) as regards the exchange of contradictory communications. I stick the opinion that the "poetry" and the "prose" merge into a new literary genre – "p(r)oetry" (beginning with the modernists), a fortunate junction of notions sustaining the trans-disciplinarity. If somebody was asking you: what is the etymology of the word, what would you answer? Maybe sometime the dictionaries of literary terms will have to mention it.

The breaking of the Tuglian verse reminds me of Cezar Baltag, a non-linear one, exactly to keep the suspense. The verses with head and tail put in line one after another make the poem monotonous, mechanical – especially in the classical form. As well as in the science, the nonlinearity is more complex and emphasized. The nonlinearity replaces the scarcity of metaphors in the contemporary poetry of the daily.

I have noticed at 90's Romanian Generation, a prolongation from 80's Generation, the attempt of non-phonetization of the language – after English models. Herr, oUr cOMmoN frlend, Muggur Grossu (to apply his own style!) was writing "kitschura" instead of the phonetic "chiciura", while an 80's representative said "hai-ku mine" instead "hai cu mine" etc. [the phonetic translation in Romanian 'kitschura' = 'hoar frost' and 'hai-ku mine' = 'come with me']. That is a un-trivialization of the words worn-out by time.

It's surprising that you, the youth, have become more Americanized than me, the American citizen – who has been living over ocean for ten years! You celebrate "Valentine's Day@ while for me this day passes unnoticed. You celebrate "Thanksgivings" I don't know for what reason, because the Indians gave you nothing (!) – I am glad because I am free at the university for a week by the end of November. [As well as 23 August holiday was at the time of communists – when I didn't go to work . . . macabre comparison!].

Then 90's generation use the phonetic deviation – but the receiver has to be educated, , initiated, cultivated. Also the German postmodernist poets wrote for a while compound words (that in German are put in a single word) separately, that is parted – as in the majority of the other languages. Here is a light, surprising, subtle phonetic deviation from Jules Verne, as I have found in an ASSAULT: "20,000 miles under the seas" become "20,000 miles under the peas" (Madalin Rosioru). Or the paraphrasing (I would say a paradoxist method) of the classical and/or popular syntagms. But the translation is miscarried.

It is "an upside down creation", at various degrees of turning back – a paradoxist method, I should affirm again. Look also: "Old man, how young are you!", or the "saying" which were reflected in "gain-sayings" (Silviu Danciu). What else to invent the poor writer, in that society of consumption – that will be imposed in Romania too, the country "specialized" in imitating the foreign models and ignoring its own ones? A society which won't care a straw of poetry and prose and ... literary commentaries.

The forcing of language is pushed to the utmost limit in some texts, arriving to illisibility. And the more fragmentary the speeches are (Dumitru Crudu), tangled until hermetism (Stefan Peca, "Picabo/Penguins"), with references as unheard as possible, tHe moRe mOdErN is konsyderating the l-i-t-e-r-a-t-e. It iS meAnt tO shock and skandall ...

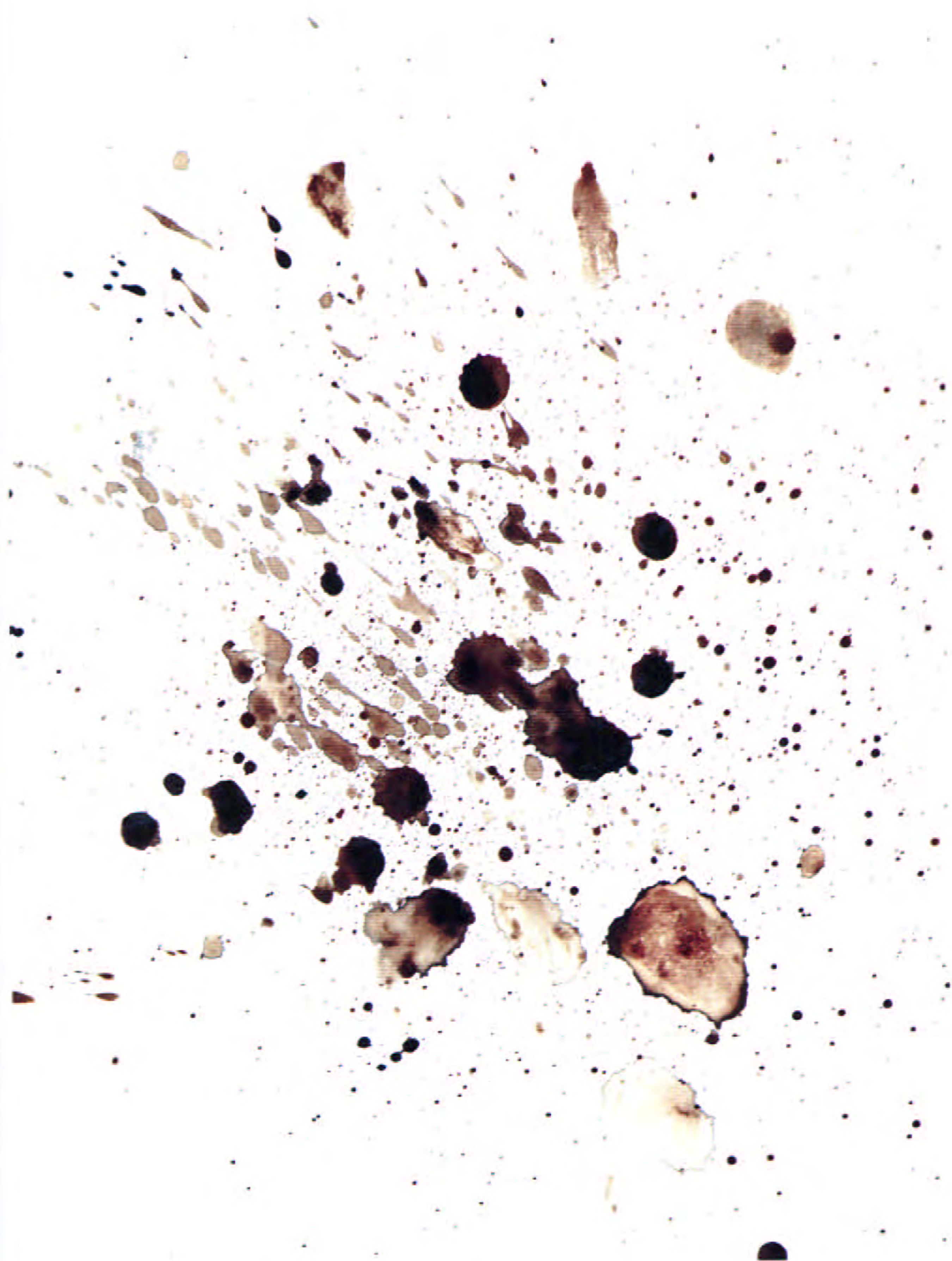
The nonlinear writing, as well as the programming, attract more beginners.

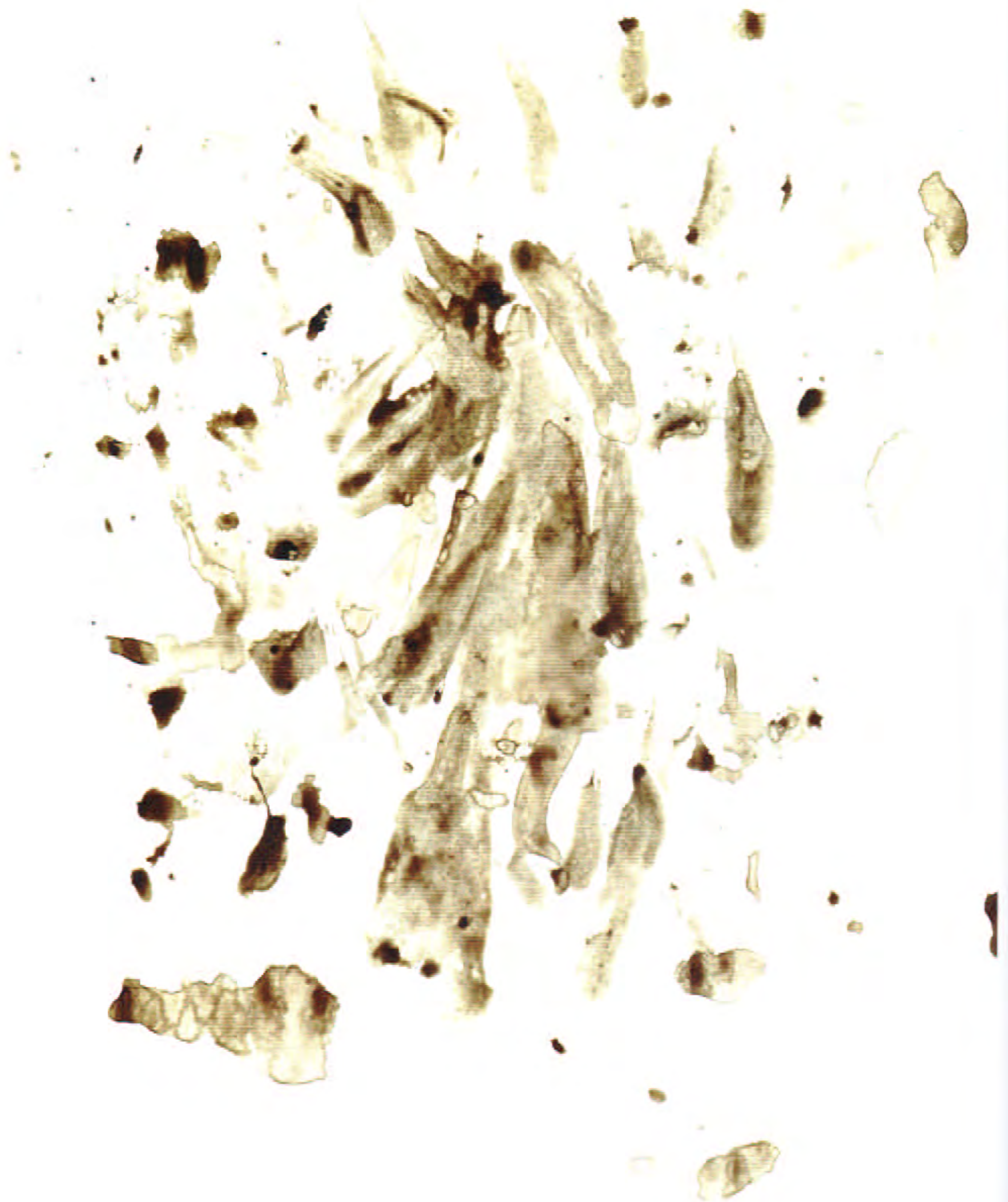
The passion of quotations and self-quotations, cultural hints – in poetry – is as old as the world is; and the intertextuality receives it naturally.

I should parody Mircea voicing "Let's remain with what we don't have"!

"The unmeasured *ambition* to leave the tracks of our joyful passing" is right: all artists suffer from vanity, maybe that's why you have taken me this interview, maybe that's why I have answered to you ... Who maintains the contrary is more conceited and hypocritical.

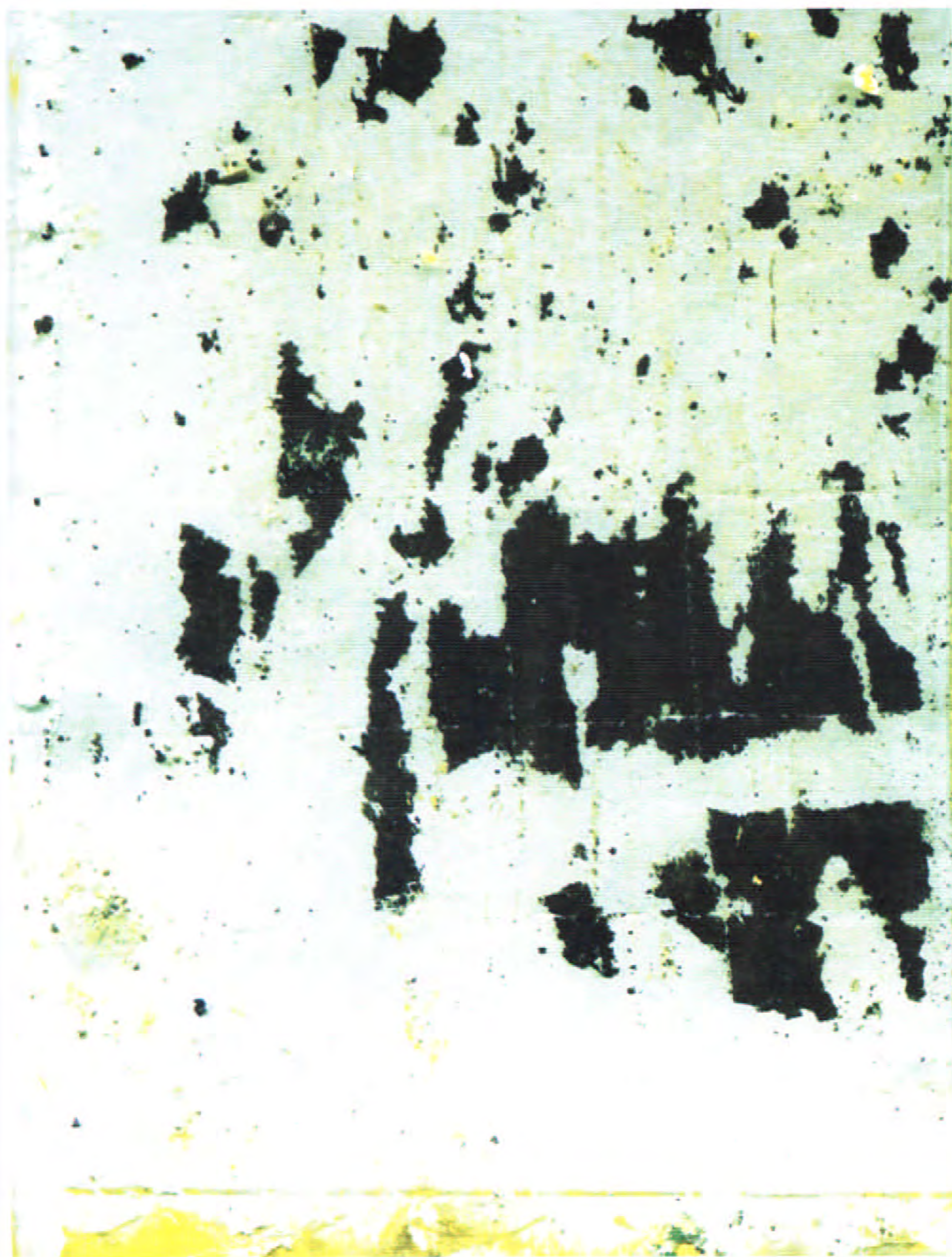
PAINTING WITH MY OWN BLOOD







PAINTING WITH CHOCOLATE
(CAKE RESTS)



PAINTING WITH JAM
(ORANGE MARMALADE & RED RASPBERRY)





RANDOM ART
(DRAWINGS + PAINTINGS + COLLAGES)

125

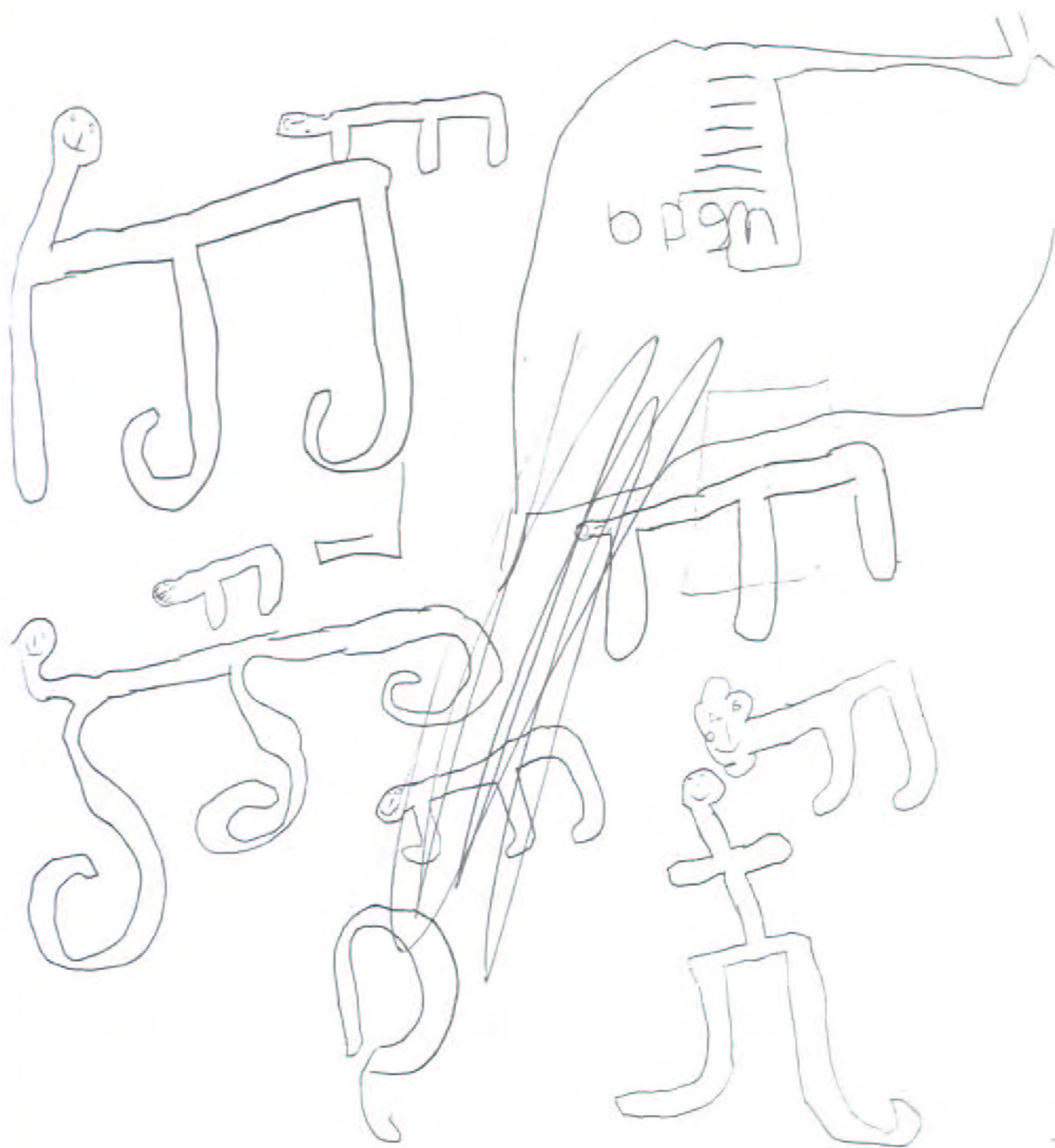


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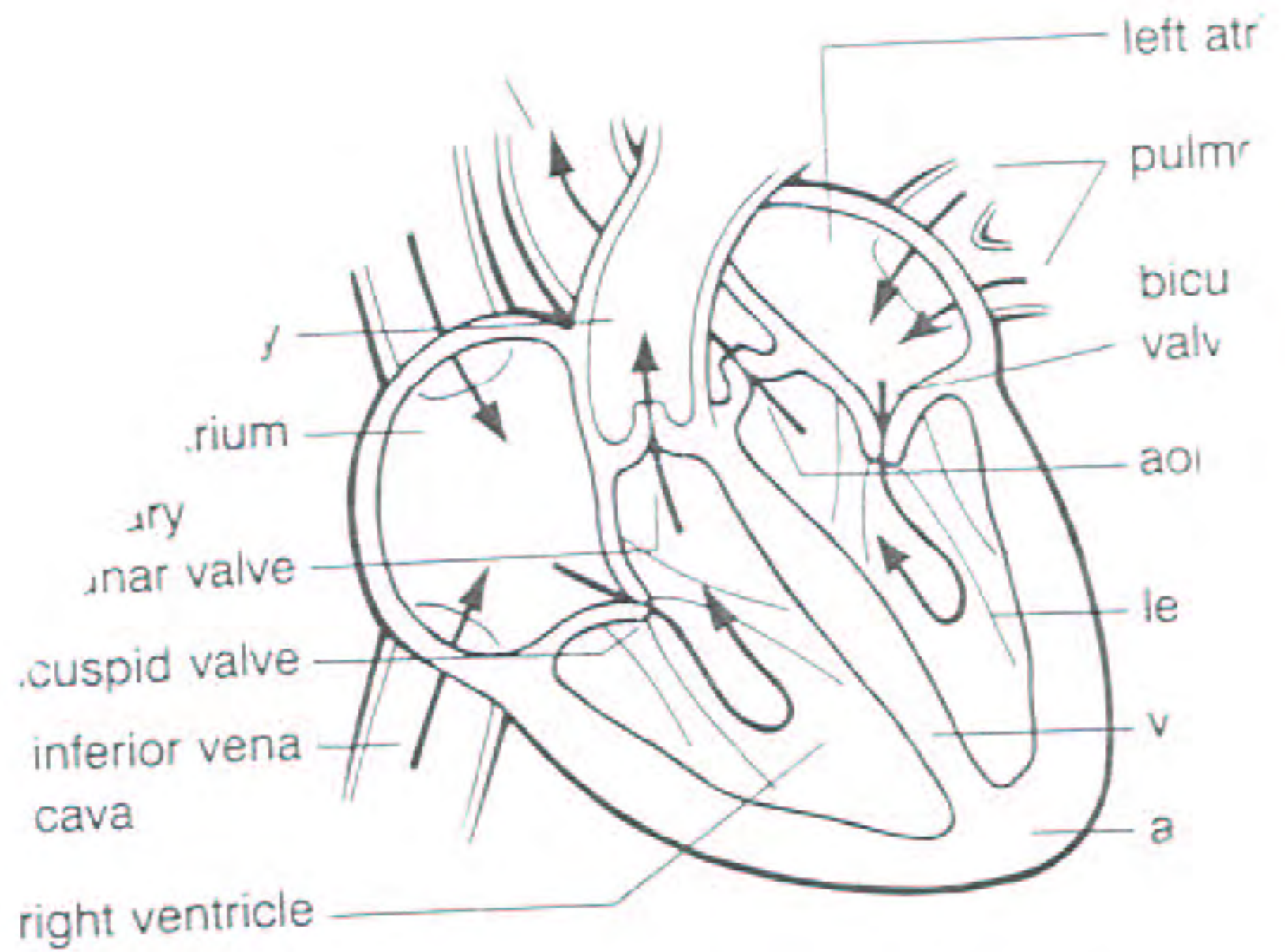


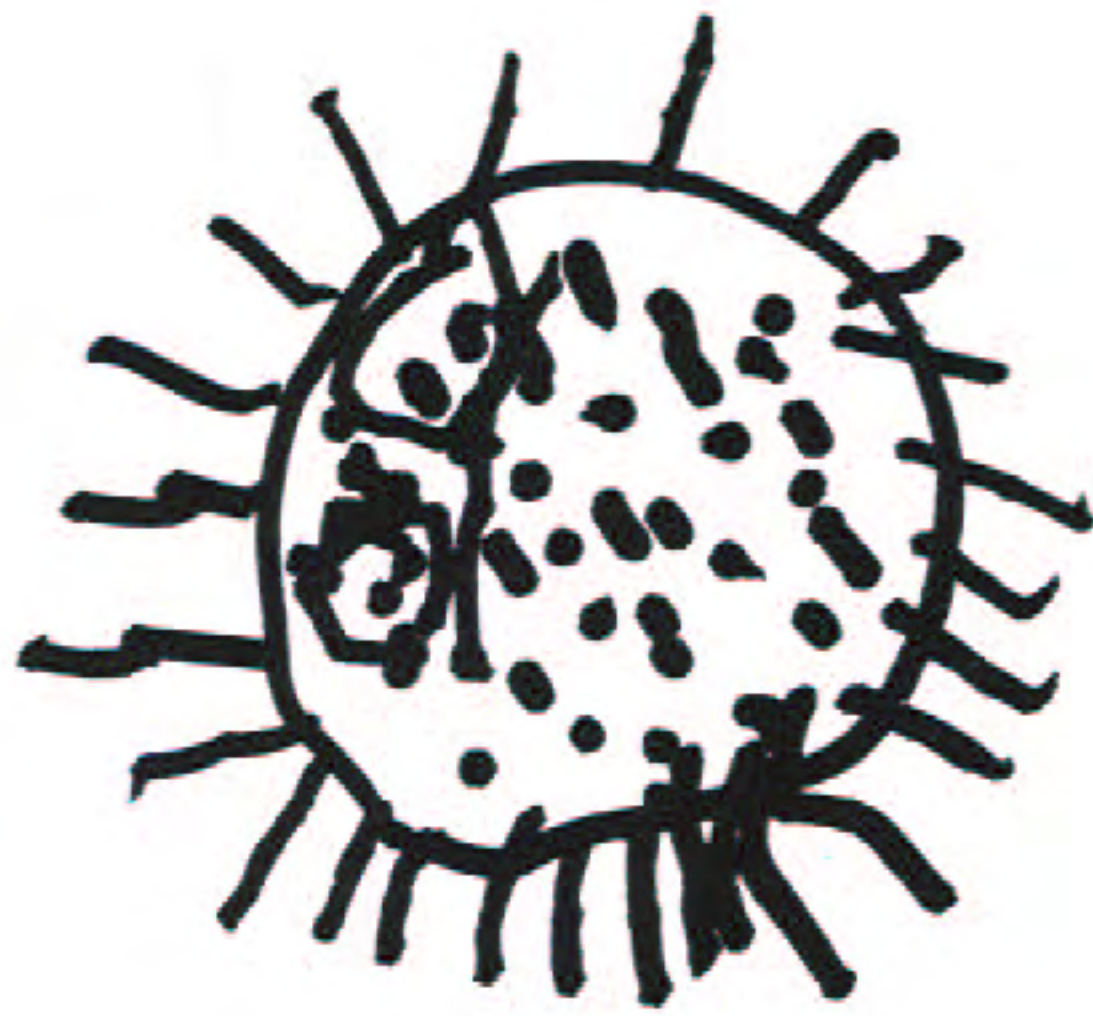


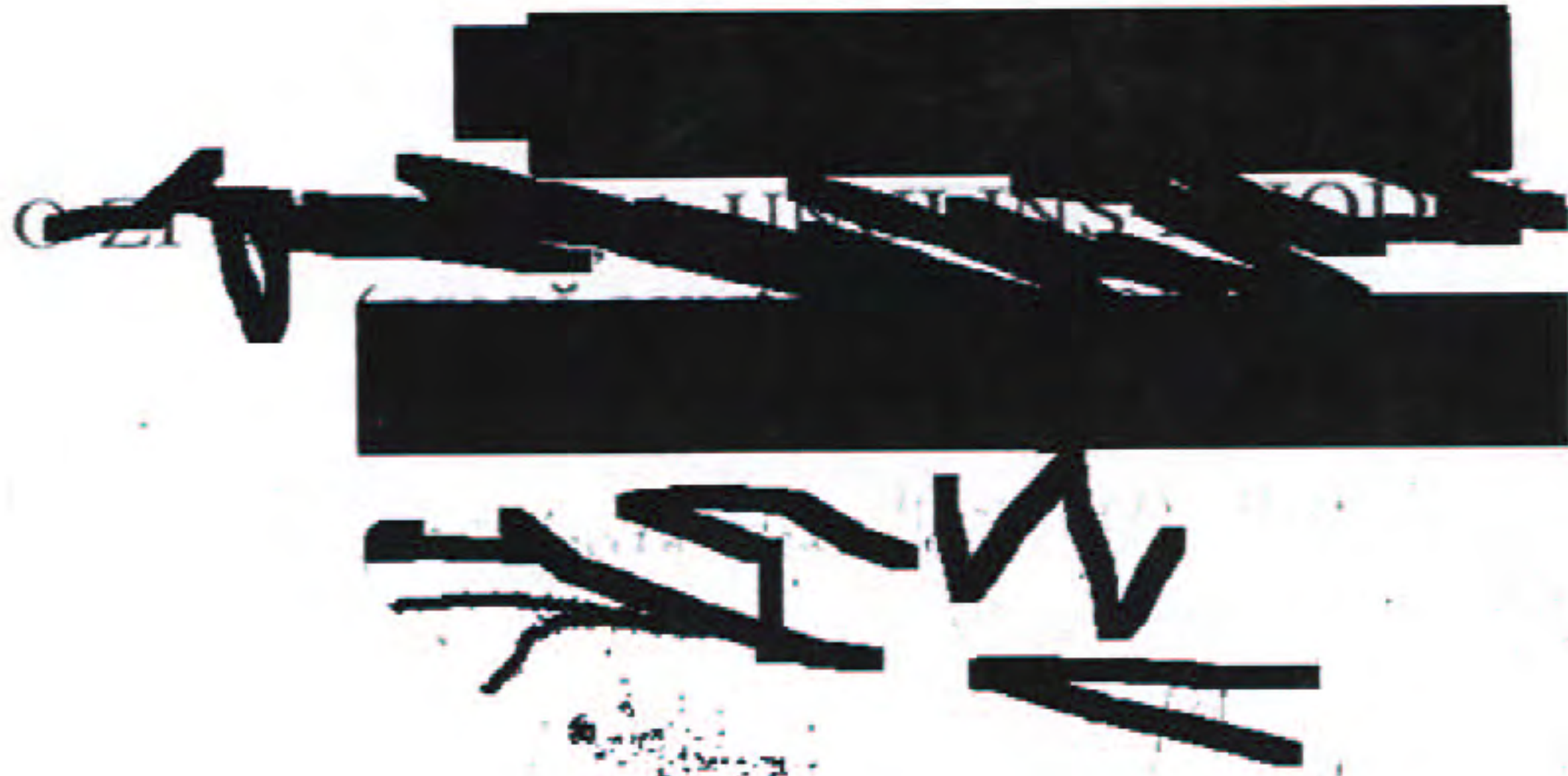
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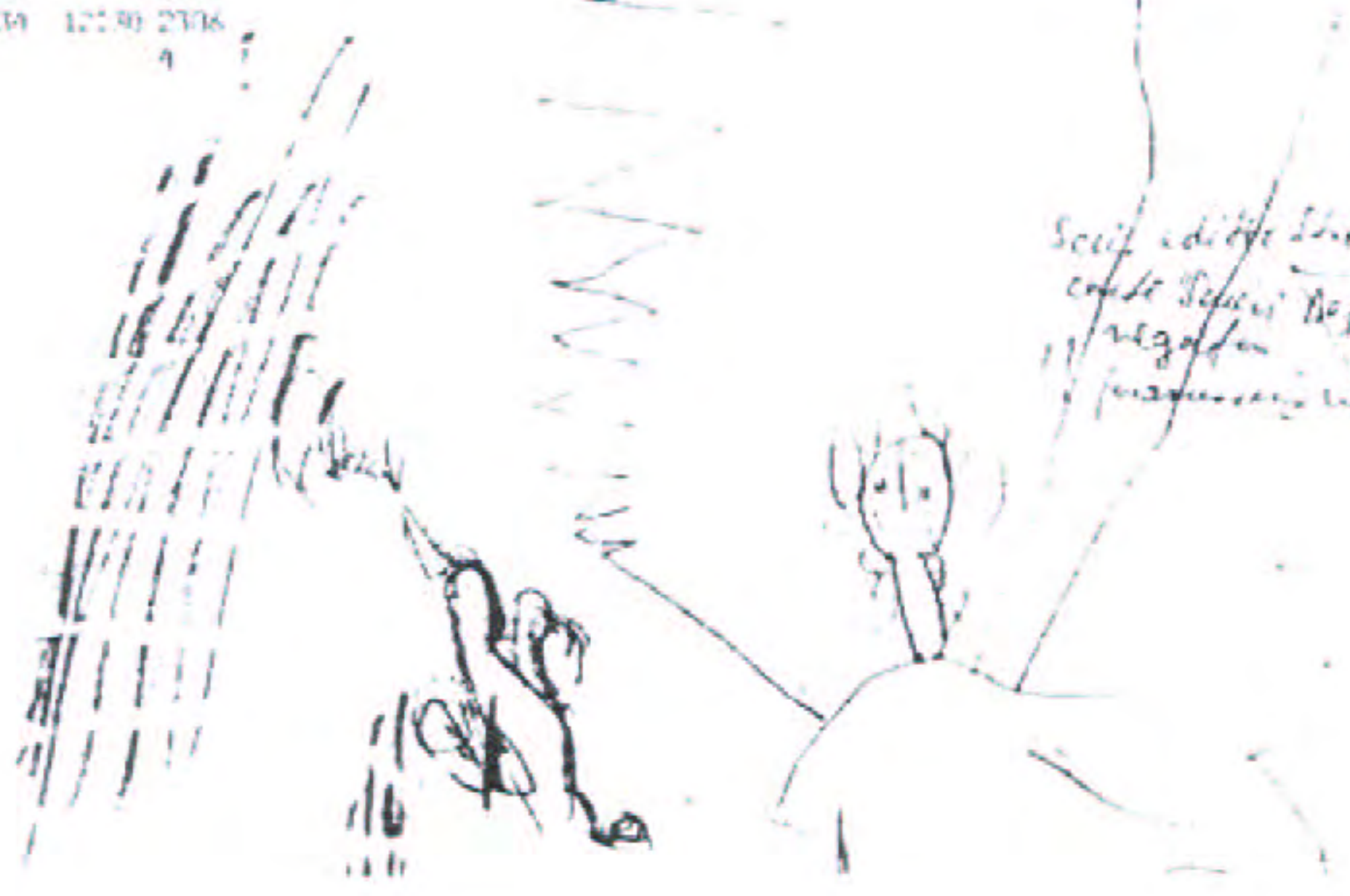
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The Perfect

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FOUND OBSCENE ART IN MEN'S ROOM



INVISIBLE ART

DEAD NATURE

WINTER LANDSCAPE

INFINITE SPACE

SELF-PORTRAIT



BLURRY PHOTOS



**Florentin and his older son Mihai
Two wild Outer-Artists**



Biography of a Multi-Cultural Outer-Artist

Florentin Smarandache is a trilingual (English, French, Romanian) poet, playwright, novelist, writer of prose, tales for children, translator from many languages, editor, rebusist, experimental painter, philosopher, physicist, and especially a mathematician. He graduated from the Department of Mathematics and Computer Science at the University of Craiova in 1979, got a Ph. D. in Mathematics from the State University of Kishinev in 1997, and continued postdoctoral studies at various American Universities after emigration.

He started to write because he couldn't revolt in mathematics, and eventually arrived to writing poetry and dramas because he hated literary creation! He was a mathematician and, during the Romanian communist era, got in conflict with authorities. In 1986 he did the hunger strike for being refused to attend the International Congress of Mathematicians at the University of Berkeley, then published a letter in the *Notices of the American Mathematical Society* for the freedom of circulating of scientists, and became a disident. As a consequence, he remained unemployed for almost two years, living from private tutoring done to students. The Swedish Royal Academy Foreign Secretary Olof G. Tandberg contacted him by telephone from Bucharest. Not being allowed to publish, he tried to get his manuscripts out of the country through the French School of Bucharest and tourists, but for many of them he lost track.

Escaped from Romania in September 1988 and waited almost two years in the political refugee camps of Turkey, where he did unskilled works in construction in order to survive: scavenger, house painter, whetstoner. Here he kept in touch with the French Cultural Institutes that facilitated him the access him to books and rencontres with personalities. He left behind his peasant parents (although the only child of them), pregnant wife (he saw his second born son Silviu two years and half when the family reunited to America), a seven years old son Mihai.

Before leaving the country he buried some of his manuscripts in a metal box in his parents vineyard, near a peach tree, that he retrieved four years later, after the 1989 Revolution, when he returned for the first time to his native country. Other manuscripts, that he tried to mail to a translator in France, were confiscated by the secret police and never returned. In March 1990 he emigrated to the United States, and became an American citizen in 1996.

He wrote thousands of pages of diary confessing about his miserable life in the Romanian dictatorship (unpublished), as a cooperative teacher in Morocco (*Professor in Africa*, 1999), in the Turkish refugee camp (*Escaped ... / Diary From the Refugee Camp*, vol. I - 1994, vol. II - 1998), and in the American exile - diary which is still going on.

But he's internationally known as the literary school lader for the "paradoxism" movement, which has many advocates in the world, that he set up in 1980, based on an excessive use of antitheses, antinomies, contradictions, paradoxes in creation - both at the small level and the entire level of the work - making an interesting connection between mathematics, philosophy and literature, <http://www.geocities.com/charlestle/paradoxism.html>. He stated: "Paradoxism started as an anti-totalitarian protest against a closed society, where the whole culture was manipulated by a small group. Only their ideas and publications counted. We couldn't publish almost anything. Then, I said: Let's do literature ... without doing literature! Let's write ... without actually writing anything. How? Simply: literature-object! 'The flight of a bird', for example, represents a

"natural poem", that is not necessary to write down, being more palpable and perceptible in any language that some signs laid on the paper, which, in fact, represent an "artificial poem": deformed, resulted from a translation by the observant of the observed, and by translation one falsifies. (...) Therefore, a mute protest we did!

Later, I based it on contradictions. Why? Because we lived in that society a double life: an official one – propagated by the political system, and another one real. In mass-media it was promulgated that 'our life is wonderful', but in reality 'our life was'. The paradox flourishing! And then we took the creation in derision, in inverse sense, in a syncretic way. Thus the paradoxism was born. The folk jokes, at great fashion in Ceausescu's 'Epoch', as an intellectual breathing, were superb springs.

The "No" and "Anti" from my paradoxist manifestos had a creative character, not at all nihilistic. Paradoxism, following the line of dadaism, lettrism, absurd theatre, is a kind of up-side down writings!

He introduced the 'paradoxist distich', 'tautologic distich' and 'dualistic distich', inspired from the mathematical logic, <http://www.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/lit.htm>.

Many poetical experiments he invented within his avant-garde and published paradoxist manifestos: *Le Sens du Non-Sens* (1983), *Anti-chambres/Antipoésies/Bizarreries* (1984, 1989), *NonPoems* (1990), changing the French and respectively English linguistics clichés. While *Paradoxist Distichs* (1998) introduces new species of poetry with fixed form. Eventually he edited the *Second International Anthology on Paradoxism* (2000) with texts from 100 writers from around the world in many languages.

MetaHistory (1993) is a theatrical trilogy against the totalitarianism again, with dramas that experiment towards a total theatre: *Formation of the New Man*, *An Upside – Down World*, *The Country of the Animals*. The last drama, that pioneers no dialogue on the stage, was awarded at the International Theatrical Festival of Casablanca (1995). Literary experiments he also realized in *An Upside-Down World*, where the scenes are permuted to give birth to one billion of billions of distinct dramas!

Trickster's Famous Deeds (1994, auto-translated into English 2000), theatrical trilogy for children, mixes the Romanian folk tradition with modern and SF situations: <http://www.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/theatre.htm>.

His first novel is called *NonNovel* (1993) and satirizes the dictatorship in a gloomy way, using a multi-stylistic style.

Faulty Writings (1997) is a collection of short stories and prose within paradoxism, bringing hybrid elements from rebus and science into literature.

He set up the intriguing "Outer-Art" movement (1990), that means "to make art as ugly as possible, as wrong as possible, or as bad as possible, or as bad as possible ... and, generally speaking, as impossible as possible!

These are the (outer-)limits of all artistic schools and styles!

Of course it is easy to create bad art, everybody can. But to create *the worst possible art* is paradoxically very difficult ... Because you may want to consider a work as 'wrong art', while the modern art experts would interpret it as ... extraordinary (!)

Therefore "outer-art" is the result of a nonartistic intention. Hence, we paint (even) we don't paint, we sculpture (even) when we don't sculpture.

I classify as "art" something which is *behind art*, due to the fact that what today is not considered "art", might be considered art tomorrow – as the art history tells us. And today's art might be rejected by tomorrow's fashion. Also, what's bad for you, may be good for me, and reciprocally. This reflects the subjectivity in art. Don't go with the crowd, don't go by the rules, but ignore them or go against; although you need the necessary ... craziness! Also, don't rely on petrified knowledge. Going against is better (although harder) and more original, than following it ...

I am not upset if somebody denies my work, that is what I expect and demand. Better if people swear you than if they ignore you.

I dislike the arts) because I am a scientist), that's why I do arts!

The more you disregard the outer-art, the better.

I try to detest what what anybody else loves, and reciprocally, I like what nobody else likes art in opposite sense, self-insufficient art, incommunicable art, useless art".

His experimental album *Outer-Art* (2000) comprises over-paintings, non-paintings, anti-drawings, super-photos, foreseen with a manifesto: "Ultra-Modernism?"

Art was for Dr. Smarandache a hobby: <http://www.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/outer-art.htm> and <http://clubs.yahoo.com/clubs/outerart>.

Nine books were published that analyze his literary creation, among them: *Paradoxism's Aesthetics* by Titu Popescu (1995) and *Paradoxism and Postmodernism* by Ion Soare (2000).

In 1999 he was proposed for the Nobel Prize in Literature.

In mathematics, there are several entries named *Smarandache Functions*, *Sequences*, *Constants* and *Paradoxes* in international journals and encyclopedias. Also, he proposed the unification of parabolic, hyperbolic and elliptic geometries within one space, called now Smarandache Geometries: An axiom is said Smarandachely denied if within the same space the axiom behaves differently (i.e., validated and invalidated, or only invalidated but in at least two distinct ways). A Smarandache Geometry is a geometry which has at least one Smarandachely denied axiom (1969). (An Yahoo Club on them is at <http://clubs.yahoo.com/clubs/smarandachegeometries>.)

He generalized the fuzzy, intuitive, paraconsistent, multi-valent, dialetheist logics to the 'neutrosophic logic' (also called "Smarandache Logic" in *Dictionary of Computing* and similarly, he generalized the fuzzy set to the 'neutrosophic set' (and its derivatives: 'paraconsistent set', 'intuitionistic set', 'dialethist set', 'paradoxist set', 'tautological set'). Also, he proposed an extension of the classical probability and the imprecise probability to the 'neutrosophic probability', that he defined as a tridimensional vector whose components are real subsets of the non-standard interval $] -0, 1+[$.

He's organizing the 'First International Conference of Neutrosophics' at the University of New Mexico. 1-3 December 2001, <http://www.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/FirstNeutConf.htm>.

In physics he proposed the hypothesis that 'there is no speed barrier in universe' and even more: that the 'speed may be infinite' (called Smarandache Hypothesis in some Physics Dictionaries), and quantum paradoxes: <http://www.geocities.com/mlperez/QuantumPhysics.-html>.

In philosophy he introduced the 'neutrosophy', as a generalization of Hegel's dialectic, which is the basement of his researches in mathematics and economics, such as 'neutrosophic logic', 'neutrosophic set', 'neutrosophic probability', 'neutrosophic statistics'.

Other small contributions he had in psychology, <http://www.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/psychology.htm>, and in sociology, <http://www.unm.edu/~smarandache/sociology.htm>.

He published more than 70 scientific articles and notes.

Many of his works, together with manuscripts, books, journals, tapes, videos, photographs, are held in "The Florentin Smarandache Papers" Special Collections at the Arizona State University, Tempe and Texas State University, Austin (USA), also in the National Archives of Vâlcea and Romanian Literary Museum (Romania), and in the Musée de Bergerac (France).

Very prolific, he is the author, co-author and editor of 55 books and contributed to over 100 literary and scientific journals from around the world.

Only during year 200 he published 20 books, an international record!

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The outer-artist painting his face

"OUTER - ART" is a movement set up by Florentin Smarandache in 1990's (as a protest against random modern art, where anything could mean ... art!) and consists in making art as ugly as possible, as wrong as possible, or as silly as possible, and generally as impossible as possible!

It is an upside-down art!... to do art in the way it is not supposed to be done...

Manifestos and anti-manifestos, essays, interviews, together with small virtual Outer-Art Gallery are to be found at:

www.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/outer-art.htm

E-books of criticism, essays, poetry, dramas, translations in many languages can be downloaded, printed, read for free:

<http://www.gallup.unm.edu/~smarandache/eBooksLiterature.htm>

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